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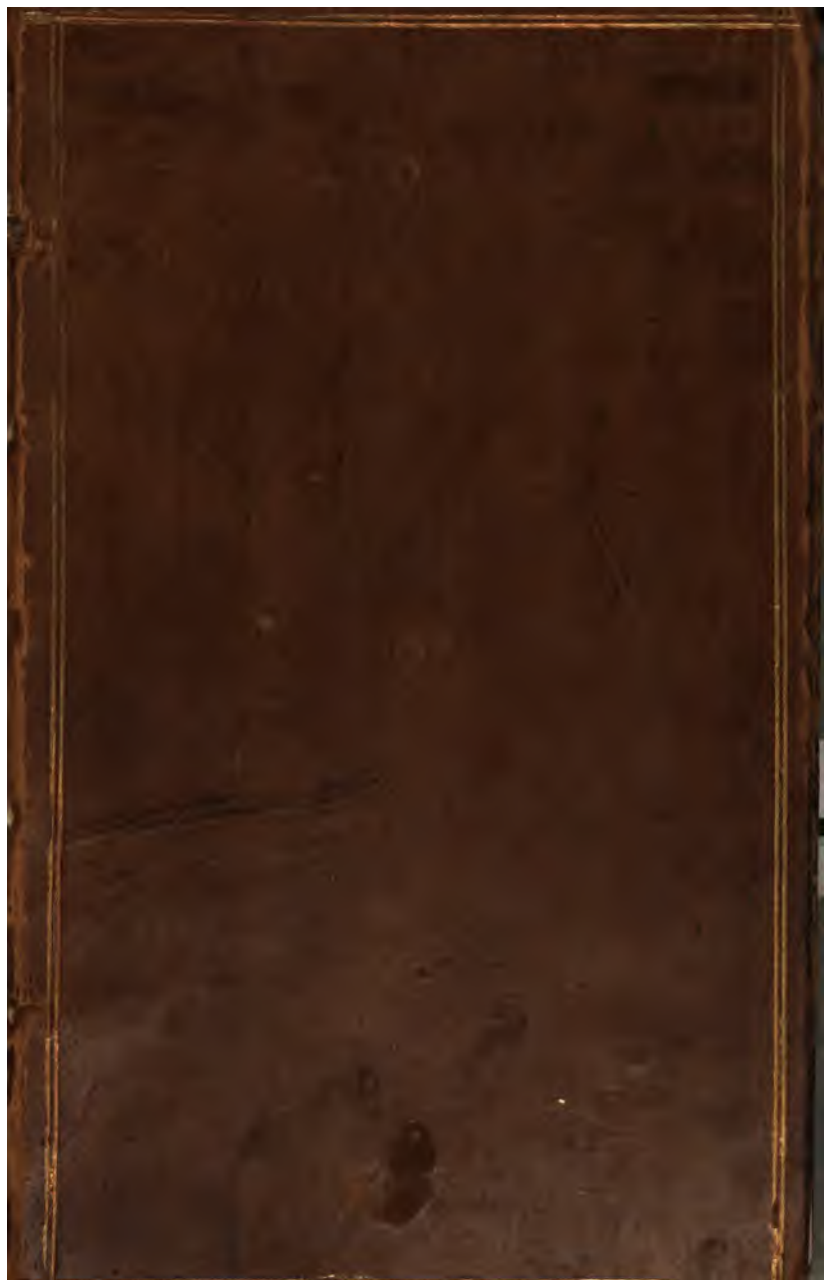
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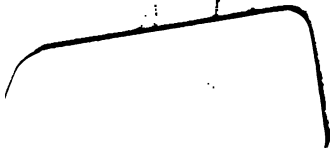
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C O R I A T

J U N I O R .

V O L . I .





C O R I A T

J U N I O R .

V O L . I .

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**Entered in the Hall-Book**

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OR  
CURSORY REMARKS  
AND  
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS  
MADE UPON A  
JOURNEY

Through PART of the  
NETHERLANDS

In the latter End of the Year 1766.

---

By *CORIAT JUNIOR, ESQ.*

---

In TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for JOSEPH JOHNSON,

AND

J. PAYNE, in Pater-Noster-Row;

AND

T. CADELL, in the Strand.

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MDCCLXVII.



( v )

P R E F A C E.

**A**N ingenious countryman of ours, a few years ago, made no difficulty of filling two handsome volumes in octavo with *a journey from PORTSMOUTH to KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES*, performed in no less than EIGHT DAYS --- and I have never heard but that the work met with full as much encouragement as it deserved; for it went through two impressions, and had, doubtless, a proportionable number of readers; and is at this time in such a degree of estimation, as to be actually a

A . 3          stock-

vi      PREFACE.

stock-book in most of the circulating libraries in England.

Within these four years, that reverend joker, the facetious Mr. S—— hath obliged the world with somewhat of a sort of an itinerary; which though a little deficient according to the vulgar method, yet I could wish from my soul that the generality of travellers were but half as entertaining.

And lately we have been further obliged with the travels of Dr. S—— and of surgeon S—— neither of which works have I any intention of criticising for two reasons--  
the

PREFACE.      vii

the first flowing from gratitude, as I confess they gave me pleasure in the reading; the second from modesty, as I do not apprehend that any thing I have to offer can merit such favourable reception with the public.

‘ But what’s all this to the purpose ? ’ says some impatient critic——

I will tell you how far it is to *my* purpose---it is to shew the reader that travelling is the mode, and that it is no less the mode to print travels---that short travels may be



viii      PREFACE.

printed as well as long voyages; and whether at home, or abroad, it matters not---and that as I don't remember any apology was made by the *Portsmouth* traveller for stuffing two large volumes in octavo, sometimes with trite remarks, and most commonly with no remarks at all, during eight days upon three of the neighbouring counties of England; so I shall not offer any for obtruding a couple of *Shandean* duodecimos with such as I have been able to make during two months, in five of the finest provinces in the *Netherlands*.

CORLAT

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# CORIAT JUNIOR.

V O L. I.

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## C H A P. I.

*Journey from London to Dover.*

**M**Y companion and I set off from the Swan with two necks in *Lad-Lane, London*, in one of the *Dover* stages, on Saturday the 6th of September, 1766—but as the road from thence to *Dover* is well known to many of my readers, I shall not take up their time unnecessarily in describing it.

A 5

Our

Our company in the coach was a little emblem of the great world in this respect, that we meet with many persons in our daily avocations, but very rarely with one who is of consequence enough to be distinguished, or to constitute a character.

It consisted of a *Deal* Pilot, a *Kentish* Hop-planter, a young *Midshipman* belonging to the Navy, and a *Country* sporting Squire.

Almost every occurrence in life is a lesson of instruction, and it is our own fault if we do not improve it to advantage—so that ~~by~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~company~~ <sup>company</sup> might appear, it was a great pleasure to me to find, by conversing with each in his own way, that the hills and sands which we meet with upon that road were not at all tedious; and that the distance from London to Dover is so far from being a long, that

that it may be accounted a very moderate day's journey.

From the Pilot I understood the necessity that there is for such assistants in our narrow seas and shoaly channels; the qualifications necessary to admission; the strict examination which they undergo, in the court of the Lord Warden of the Cinque-ports and the number so admitted.

From the Hop-planter I learned somewhat of the cultivation and growth of hops; the accidents to which they are most liable; their different years produce and benefit to the growers and to the state, insomuch that they have paid upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds excise in one year, and scarce ten thousand pounds in another; and lastly, that they contribute greatly to the strengthening, as well as

to the meliorating and preserving the beer.

The young Midshipman was a remarkable instance that gentility and an early polite education, is as distinguishable in the sea as in the land service; that good sense is the approved companion of bravery, and may serve to settle it upon principle; for though he was scarce fifteen, and had passed four years of that time upon the boisterous element, and in the West-Indies, had it not been for his uniform you might almost have concluded that he had never been from court. He must certainly during that period have heard many improper things, and have occasionally kept much worse company than himself; but the good which he had acquired seemed only to be present with him, for it was remarked that during the whole day's journey not an improper, far less an indecent expression

CORIAT JUNIOR. 13

sion escaped his lips—He gave besides many strong indications of being some time or other a great man.

The country'Squire waked now and then to make us laugh, or, in his lucid intervals to convince us that he was best company when asleep.

About eight in the evening my companion and I (for we had dropt the rest of the passengers by the way) arrived at the ship tavern at *Dover*, and producing a letter of recommendation to Mrs. *Jones* the mistress of the house, we met with a very civil reception—though perhaps not more so than if we had not had any such letter; for, to do her justice, she seems to be a very notable and obliging hostess; and notwithstanding all malevolent reports, which I have heard both from natives and foreigners, I could not perceive any thing like exaction there, which is  
much

24      **CORIAT JUNIOR.**

much more than I can say of many houses on the other side of the water, particularly in *Holland*.

Here an officer of the customs followed us and our little baggage, which consisted merely of each a change of rayment, enclosed in one small portmanteau — upon enquiring into the contents, and being assured that it contained nothing else, I offered him the key that he might satisfy himself, which he refused, but demanded half a crown for having saved us and himself some trouble.

I say demanded half a crown, because it was the precise sum which the fellow mentioned, and which, without reflecting, I gave him, though I was sorry for it afterwards.

The officers of the revenue are undoubtedly the servants of the public,  
and

## CORIAT JUNIOR 15

and the public is no longer served than whilst they are found true to their troth, and acting in conformity with their oath—that officer who had the face to demand half a crown for not doing his duty, it may be presumed would wink at a fraud for a larger consideration—but as I intend briefly to point out several errors and abuses in the british customs, in a small treatise shortly to be published under the title of AN APOLOGY FOR SMUGGLING, I shall not detain the reader any longer upon that head at present.

We adventured forth, dark as it was, to try if we could discover any thing, but to very little purpose—casting our eyes towards the horrible cliff, whence *Shakespeare* drew one of his justly-admired pictures; we found the prospect as dark to us as it had been to sightless *Gloster*, and were therefore contented

to



to con over the passage, which we had not an opportunity of comparing.

The same obstacle prevented our making any just remarks either upon the castle, or the works, and the reader is in some measure obliged to this accident, as it will be the means of shortning this chapter.

We returned to our inn to supper, where we met with several people divided in their opinions touching the packet's sailing that night—some said it would, for the wind was fair; others were positive that it would not, for though the wind was fair, yet it blew too fresh to get out of the harbour.

This brought to my mind what I had ruminated in our walk upon the works, where I had been fully sensible of what the sailors call a fresh gale—however I said nothing.

In

## CORIAT JUNIOR. 17

In the midst of our supper I was a little alarmed with the repetition of a disagreeable hollow sound in the chimney—pray, madam, said I to Mrs. Jones, what noise is that? is it the wind?—nothing at all, fir, said she, only our chimney is apt to make a noise.—It must be a very odd sort of a chimney thought I, to make such a noise for nothing.

What my companion felt, I know not; and if he had any fears he was wise enough to keep them to himself.

## C H A P. II.

*Wherein the Author indulges his fancy upon a Subject, which some of his Readers may possibly take home to themselves.*

**T**HERE is something extremely awkward in the first setting out upon a journey, to persons unaccustomed

88      CORIAT JUNIOR.

accustomed to travel—the sensations they are seized with are many, and mix in a confused variety.

People that are for the most part confined to one spot, have their anxieties either about business, or pleasure in succession—the completion of the one serves as an incitement to the other and the event of either being foreseen, the pleasure is doubled by anticipation.

But place a *Londoner*, who has never passed the verge of *Windsor* or *St. Alban's* into the *York Fly*, and he is immediately seized with the apprehension of a thousand evils which can never happen at once — the farther he is wheeled beyond his ken, the greater is his trouble; and the counting of the mile stones, which may be very entertaining to some, heightens his embarrassment, and only proves that he is so  
much.

## CORIAT JUNIOR. 19

much farther removed from the only place where he would chuse to live and die.

Being got fifty miles from the capital, he begins to contemplate, what a terrible thing it must be to die in a strange country!—and is surprized to see the other passengers swallowing the coffee, grounds and all, and calling about 'em for more toast and butter.—He can neither eat nor drink—his fellow-travellers commiserating his unhappy case, conclude the gentleman is sick with having rode backwards—one prescribes a dram of brandy—another, upon a supposition, that coffee and toast were too meagre, advises him to call for a rasher of bacon and a tankard of ale—he nauseates the thoughts of a rasher and ale, and contents himself with a glass of spring water and a few hartshorn drops.

They

They proceed on their journey, and he grows worse and worse; inasmuch that if any one was to ask what ailed him? he would be very much at a loss for a reply—nevertheless his fever increases, and no *James's* powder can be had!—he would fain lose a little blood—but then what man in *England* can open a vein like Mr. ———? who had been so many years surgeon to his, and his father's family before him.

One of the company observing the desponding way he was in, kindly made him an offer of a few carraway comfits and some gingerbread nuts; at the bare mention whereof, he was seized with such a violent tooth-ach, that finding no *Greenough's* tincture at hand, it was feared he would go distracted with the pain.

The further apprehensions of the coach breaking down, and thereby  
fracturing

CORIAT JUNIOR. 21

fracturing his skull, or half a dozen of his limbs, and being taken up speechless—or escaping the wonderful chance of a hundred to one of being robbed and having his brains blown out, are melancholy companions upon a strange road, where accidents of a like nature have happened about—once in a century.

Persons that are so void of feeling as not to be sensible of such apparent danger, may, after a jumble of seventy or eighty miles, be able to make a tolerable good dinner; but those who are strongly possess'd of it cannot so easily sit down and fall to.

To force down a little bit of bread-pudding, for nature requires something, and a glass of wine and water, are full as much as can be expected from one in such a situation.

He

24      CORIAT JUNIOR.

might be transported thither in a few hours.—But then the shame of returning without having performed his journey.

The second day he is become more tolerable to himself and his fellow-travellers; at the end of which he finds himself at *York*, and begins to wonder how he got there!

\* If I mistake not, there are such characters; and the application is very easy—*Such people should stay at home.*

C H A P. III.

*Voyage from Dover to Ostende.*

**I**N the absence of captain *Wellard*, whose packet was to sail that night for *Ostende*, the command of the vessel devolved upon his mate *Mr. Gregg*; seemingly a very steady, good sort of a man,

CORIAT JUNIOR. 25

man, as his attention to his charge, and obliging carriage to the passengers, gave sufficient witness; and I heartily wish that soon a man of so much temper and experience may come to be master of a packet himself.

*Gregg* from time to time called upon us, and desired us to be ready before one for though the wind blew strong, yet it was fair; and he had no doubt but that he should be able, ‘with God’s grace,’ to get safe out of the harbour.

About twelve o’clock a fellow with a candle and lanthorn entered the parlour where we were sitting with our landlord and landlady—‘here’s a plaguy deal of wind to-night, said he—mercy on us how it blows?—I am just come up from the beach, and I think I never saw a greater sea!—why it breaks over the head as white as a sheet!’



26 CORIAT JUNIOR.

A pretty description, thought I, if one was not just going to sea!

‘Why surely, continued he, these gentlemen (meaning my companion and me) will never think of going this tide?’

I shall do just as the captain pleases, answered I, with all the resolution I had about me.

‘Nay, you may do as you think fit, my masters, returned the skipper, but if I was as you, I know I’d stay till the morning and take day-light with me.’

Finding he could not prevail, he departed.

Before I proceed any farther in my relation, I think it proper to advertise the ingenuous reader, that the whole end of this little work is amusement and instruction; and though the preceding  
part

CORIAT JUNIOR. 27

part of this chapter may appear deficient in both, I shall presently convince him that it is very fruitful in the latter.

You are to understand then, that the gentleman who went out just now with his candle and lanthorn, is a private skipper, and master of a bye-boat, of which there are several at *Dover*; and it is the interest of those people to intimidate the intended passengers for the packets as much as they can; so that the packets by these unfair means (a kind of marine jockeyship) leaving part of their company behind, they may afterwards convey them over at their own extravagant rates.

Mrs. *Jones* next began to remind us of the provisions necessary for our voyage (a thing my partner and I never dreamt of;) and though the passage might be short, it was not impossible, she said, but that it might prove long

28      CORIAT JUNIOR.

and tedious; and nothing we might be assured could be had on board save what we took with us. —

The English of all people are the most provident upon those occasions, from a natural dread of being starved, which many of them are seized with the moment they lose sight of their native land — so that in the packets between *Dover* and *Calais*; or *Ostende*, it is no unusual thing to find as many fowls, tongues, pastry and liquors as would victual a ship for a month's voyage.

This weakness in some of my countrymen turns to very good account with the publicans at *Dover*, and with the masters of vessels; as the whole are bought and well paid for of the one, and, from the shortness of the passage, generally fall untouched as perquisites to the other.

The

## CORIAT JUNIOR. 29

The time was now come for our departure, and on board we went—where standing upon a little ceremony as to the beds, out of compliment to some female passengers, we presently perceived that the whole were taken up; and my companion and I were fain to lay, the one upon a bulk, the other upon the cabin floor.

Such are the disadvantages which the modest man frequently labours under, to which the impudent is an utter stranger—the forward and bold constantly avail themselves of the backwardness of the humble and modest, turn their punctilios into jests, and, in short, reap every advantage at their expence, save one—arising from a certain sensibility, which as they can never feel, so it is impossible to make them comprehend.

*lands*; for to speak truth, the queen's officers, both civil and military, may be ranked among the most orderly and best-bred people in the world.

My full intention in the following sheets is to represent persons and things exactly as I found them; and surely no reasonable man can be offended thereby—I am aware that the good order, sobriety and decency which is universal among the *Flemings*, is owing in a great measure to the absolute government under which they live; at the same time that I cannot help thinking but that good order may be preserved under every government, and the laws of every civilized nation, whether absolute, or limited, tend to enforce it—But more of this hereafter.

*I beg leave then to proceed in my own way*—and tho' it is become so much the fashion among my countrymen of late to decry foreign customs and manners,  
and

CORIAT JUNIOR. 33

and to cry up whatever is of *British* growth, whether right, or wrong; I shall nevertheless take the liberty so far to differ from them, as to commend whatever in my judgment has appeared commendable, without dread of the forfeiture of my allegiance; and even to do justice to a monk where I have found him worthy, and I hope without the imputation of being a papist.

By such candid proceeding I flatter myself it is not impossible but that I may be able with reason to remove the illiberal prejudices of some of my readers, and to laugh away the childish notions of others.

The extreme pleasure which succeeded my dismissal at the custom-house may be easier felt by the grateful and parental heart, than described; for I found myself at once doubly welcome in the kindness of my friend, whose

house was as my own; and at the sight and in the reciprocal affections of my eldest daughter, after an absence of fifteen months, and whom I saw improved to my wishes.

There is certainly a great deal in setting about any thing with what we call *a good will*; and the mind being pre-disposed to favour the pursuit, lessens great difficulties and chaces away the very existence of small ones. I confess I set out with a disposition of being pleased (a disposition which I would gladly recommend to future travellers;) and though after a day's journey in a stage-coach, a hard lodging upon the cabin-floor, and a reasonable portion of sea-sickness, the spirits might be supposed to flag a little, yet nevertheless I found my heart as light as if I had slept the preceding night upon a feather-bed.

The

The mind, for there the bliss, or misery is seated, being once attuned to happiness, the softer passions sport in the dance and revel in the joy.

In common with several of my brother travellers, I shall frequently descend to low and trite observations upon vulgar manners and customs; leaving matters of great importance to be remarked by the governors of young noblemen and the under-secretaries of embassies, who may be presumed to be best acquainted with the intrigues of courts and cabinets, and whose talents, from their respectable situations, must be held unquestionable.

But my greatest misfortune is this cursed egotism, which I find myself insensibly running into!—‘I said, and I did, and I went’—how shall I get rid of it?—for the soul of me I can’t tell!—it hurts myself—how then must



36      CORIAT JUNIOR.

it affect my readers?—yet you'll all allow 'tis very difficult for a man to tell a story about himself, and yet to leave himself out of the question—

Of all the writers since the invention of letters, who have endeavoured to entertain the world with talking about themselves, how few have succeeded?—among the moderns I can scarcely muster above one—and he in spite of time and the change of language has pleased for almost two centuries, and in all likelihood will continue to please for other two.

It seems then that he had the art of pleasing—

Some kind genius, teach me that happy art!—for without it I shall certainly be branded for an egotist—nay, what is still more to be feared, in the true spirit of modern criticism, I shall  
be

CORIAT JUNIOR. 37

be recorded for a fool and a blockhead by the reviewers, who will not leave me the likeness of a hog, or a dog—I shall be cut up alive, peppered, sliced and grilled upon their devils gridiron—many perhaps to laugh at, and no one to pity me!

Well, I'll avoid it as much as possible:—and yet the more I endeavour the worse I find it is.

C H A P. V.

*Those that go to ROME, &c. see Ray's  
Proverbs.*

HAVING feasted my eyes and ears with the sight and language of my daughter and my friend, and glutted the softer mental powers in the bewitching theory of filial affection and social friendship; after a short season-  
able

themselves, nevertheless retain many old customs, depending more upon their governors than themselves.

So—enter the barber-surgeon with a pair of ruffles down to his fingers ends.

And pray, sir,—pardon the freedom of a stranger, who only asks for information—are all the gentlemen of this country, who profess the razor and strap, regular bred surgeons?

‘ All regular-bred, examined, and sworn-surgeons.’

And are they really—excuse my ignorance—as dextrous at amputating limbs, as at mowing beards?

‘ *C’est la même chose.*’\*

\* The profession of barber-surgeon we may conclude was formerly of the most honourable class since it reflected such dignity even upon its deputies and assistants. *Thierry de Hery*, who published a method of curing the venereal disease, printed at Paris in 1634, styles himself, *Lieutenant general des premiers barbiers-chirurgien du Roy.*

Sir,

CORIAT JUNIOR. 41

Sir, I'm very much obliged to you.

Here an Englishman, who generally has the virtue of liberality in the midst of a thousand follies and extravagancies, is much at a loss at first; for as he has been accustomed to reward merit and service according to the condition of the party, so he cannot at once sink the professor of the noble and useful art of surgery, to the vulgar state of a me<sup>r</sup> shaver.

But my good genius and hostess, perceiving my embarrassment, again interposed, desiring that I would leave it to her to settle that point, as being best acquainted with the custom of the place.—Yet the thoughts of the man's breeding and education still ran in my head,

Your

‘ You are to understand, sir, said she, that most things here are regulated by the state, or according to ancient usage; and you must not be surprized at finding a sensible difference in many respects between *England* and *Flanders*.

‘ You will have the pleasure of drinking tea with a very agreeable Irish gentleman, a regular physician, bred at *Louvain*, and settled here, who has so much practice, that he is upon the tramp almost from morning till night—he collects a great number of fees—’tis true, they are not large, the highest being a *Flemish Schilling*, and the ordinary a *Plaquet*.’—

Pray, madam, how much is a *Schilling*?—‘ about seven-pence sterling.’—And how much a *Plaquet*?—‘ About three-pence halfpenny.’—I thank you, madam—I give the gentleman much

joy

CORIAT JUNIOR. 43

joy of his university-education, and of his fees.

The company met and formed a very polite circle—the commandant, a fine old gentleman, and a man of quality—but his manners would have distinguished him, if his sovereign had not.

The garrison at that time was weak, consisting only of one batallion of *De Vercy's* regiment, but all the officers, *French* and *Liegeois*, of any distinction, were there—the lieutenant colonel, the chevalier *Du M*—— a very amiable man, and his lady, the prettiest Fleming I ever saw—the chevalier *d'H*—— Mr. *B*—— Major, Mr. *H*—— &c. &c. men who had seen service and knew the world, graceful in their deportment, elegant in their behaviour, strict in their duty, regular in their conduct, and not devoid of sentiment.

But

I cannot here omit a remark which I made in consequence of my knowledge of that gentleman, and upon further inquiry found to be strictly true; which is, That those who hold places under the government are, for the most part, men of character, education and abilities; nor do I remember to have met with a single instance in *Flanders*, or *Brabant*, wherein a scoundrel, or a fool, has been misplaced in any office befitting a gentleman and a man of sense.

‘ Those that go to *Rome*, says the proverb, must do as they do at *Rome*,’—and though I had no particular affection to cards on a Sunday, and for my companion, I dare be sworn he had a hearty aversion to them; yet rather than be singular, we scrupled not to cut in with the rest at whist, an English game which seems to have got firm footing upon the continent.

The

CORIAT JUNIOR. 47

The evening—the afternoon we should call it (for assemblies in that part of the world break up before the hour of meeting with us) ended with the utmost harmony; and before nine o'clock all the company were retired to their respective homes; but not without a general invitation of dining the next day at the pensioner's country-house at *Ghifstel*, about seven miles from *Østende*—a circumstance which my fellow-traveller and I were much delighted with, as it favoured us with an opportunity of seeing a part of the country which had otherwise been unknown to us, and of which place the reader will find some account in the next chapter but three.

C H A P.



## C H A P. VI.

*A Conference between the Traveller and himself, upon the Subject of Authorship.*

**T**HERE is no notion more prevalent, nor indeed any more unjust, than that the goodness, or badness of a book may be determined by the sale.

I could give the reader a hundred instances, almost as fast as I could count a hundred, to convince him that this is a very pernicious way of judging—and if one hundred were not enough, I'd give him two—and if two were not thought sufficient, he should have five hundred.

I had not proceeded far in my present undertaking, before I became desirous of seeing one of the last speck-and-span new things in my own way—accordingly

ly I made inquiry of my bookfeller--the answer was ' Out of print, fir.'

This rather served to whet the edge of my curiosity—but I must not give it up so—to another—pray, Mr. ——— could you procure me?—

I am sorry, answered the courtly dispenser of the essence of brains, that it is not in my power to oblige you; but the last copy I had *went off* three days ago; since when I could have fold——'

The sale must have been very rapid?

' O, fir, it flew like wild-fire!—the last fifty I had, were gone in half an hour!'

Prodigious!—Sir, I thank you.

50           CORIAT JUNIOR.

Well, friend Coriat Junior, what say you to this?—Here's some encouragement for us, ha!

But my curiosity must be satisfied—  
To a third—Sir, I should esteem it a particular-favour if you could—I understand already, that it is difficult—but for the price we sha'nt disagree.

' Difficult, sir!—'tis impossible!—  
a thing not to be had for love or money!—but there will be a new edition in about a fortnight.'——

To talk of waiting a fortnight, to one whose expectation was so well tuned, seemed rather tantalizing—I'm sorry I troubled you, sir,—but without your assistance, I'll see it before I sleep.

' And pray Mr. Coriat Junior (for I begin to be a little curious) was you so fortunate as to meet with it?'

I was.

‘What, that night?’

That very night.

‘I’m vastly glad!—and did you read it?’

Every letter.

‘Well, that was charming!—doubtless it repaid your curiosity!’

Suffer me to go on, and you shall hear,

In a further pursuit of this novelty, the earnest reader will conclude that I made every bookseller’s shop in my way; and the impressions which I received from their several favourable accounts bore hard upon my resolution of becoming an author.

52 CORIAT JUNIOR.

‘ It is so pretty, familiar, and easy, said one, that you may take it up, and lay it down, just as you like.—’Tis for the pocket, or the Post-chaise; or you may read it all the while your servant is dressing your hair.’——

A mighty pretty book, indeed, by your description!——

‘ Ay, sir, so it is—but the grand misfortune is, that gentlemen don’t write every day.’——

I wish’d the fellow at the devil for that last expression! which sent me from his shop overwhelmed with melancholy thoughts, such as—Ay, this must needs be the case when gentlemen write! — Gentlemen are surely born with abilities proportioned to their rank and fortune!—they have that intuitively, for which common clay must sweat and labour!——

I fancy,

CORIAT JUNIOR. 53

I fancy, friend Coriat Junior, you and I had better drop our design in time—for who the devil will read us? —One that nobody knows, nor was ever heard of before—a fellow who travels from *London* to *Dover* in a common stage-coach—and it may be an outside passenger, the better to look about him? —It will never do—a man must be a gentleman positively, or he can never write—especially travels, which of all writing is the genteelest, next to poetry and miscellany.

A gentleman may be so like himself, so easy, so *degagé*, and so void of thought all the while—a gentleman may give himself as many airs as he pleases, without much meaning—may advance what he pleases, and censure whom he pleases—a gentleman may introduce persons and characters as familiars, whom, perhaps, he never saw—and no-

C 3



body

body can contradict him, that's the best of it ———

For the criticks—d—n the criticks! what gentleman was ever awed by them!—a parcel of ——— !

Indeed, my good friend, this will never do!—let us consult our ease and profit, and so think no more about it—

To be sure travelling is very expensive—and if we could prevail upon the public to pay for it—why it would be better than paying it out of our own pocket—but there's no trusting to the caprice of the public.

Well, I must see this book if 'tis to be had.———

O, have I found you at last!—let me see.———

CORIAT JUNIOR. 55

‘ A full, true, and particular account ———’ turn over—Good! . . . Bravo! . . . . Good again! . . . . Excellent! . . . . Sublime! . . . . Familiar! . . . . Genteel! . . . . Ha! . . . . Sparkish! . . . . A good hit! . . . . Admirable! ———FINIS. ——— The best word in the book, by heav’ns!

My curiosity is abundantly satisfied. ———And now I think we may venture —for after this, who need be afraid to print?—in an age when there is such a harvest of poultry writers, poor readers and puny judges.

CHAP. VII.

*A short Interruption.*

**E**ARLY the next morning my companion and I ———

‘ Hold, not a step farther indeed, Mr. Traveller, till you have resolved



56 CORIAT JUNIOR.

me one question—let us clear up matters as we go, I beseech you.’

‘ Every author has a right to conceal himself under a feigned name, if he thinks proper ; and I have no intention of depriving you of that privilege—but let him do it with meaning.’

‘ JOSEPH ANDREWS and TOM JONES are both familiar English names—DON QUIXOTE, RODERIC RANDOM, PEREGRINE PICKLE, BETSY THOUGHTLESS, and TRISTRAM SHANDY, are characteristically humourous, and promise something in their very titles—but what can we make of CORIAT JUNIOR?’---

‘ If you are CORIAT JUNIOR, for heav’n’s sake ! who was *Coriat Senior* ? or was there ever such a man ?’

Doubtless there was such a man.

‘ And

‘ And pray who was he ? and what was he ? and where did he live ? ’

I have not undertaken at this time to write his life—but I have attempted a short sketch of his character a little farther on.

‘ But how does this make me any wiser, as to your having assumed another man’s name?—What am I to understand from it ? ’

Why, a whimsical traveller, if you will.

## C H A P. VIII.

*An early Ramble round Ostende, with a few fasting Reflections at the Door and in the Nave of the great Church.*

**E**ARLY the next morning my companion and I stole forth, without disturbing the good family—we took

58 GORIAT JUNIOR.

the first avenue leading to the ramparts, and in about half an hour made a fair circuit of the walls.

But what is there here for me to admire, beyond the beautiful arrangement of stones? --- I can only learn from hence how cities may be embraced and defended from the assaults of their enemies.

‘ Who are their greatest enemies? ’

Such as themselves.

‘ What is the true cause of their falling out so frequently among themselves? ’

That we are often at a loss to know.

‘ Does this place appear to have been ever of consequence enough, before  
fore

fore which to sacrifice the lives of an hundred thousand men?'

We must not take upon us to judge of that—places are as princes and their ministers esteem them.

' But the besiegers, I think you say, carried it at last? '

They won it foot by foot—till there was no more space left to be defended—this was tough doings—almost a four year's siege.

' What did the victors gain? '

An heap of rubbish!—Here noble and gallant \* VERRÉ, that thunderbolt of war, with an inconsiderable number, for several months opposed the persecuting power of SPAIN—*Nieuport* and *Ostende* speak the hero's martial skill and dauntless prowess, and his

\* See, *Sir Francis Vere's commentaries*, published by *Dillingham*, Cambr. 1657. Fol.

own commentaries record his fame.—E confess I should have loved his memory more, had he set greater value, consistent with the service, upon the lives of those whom he commanded—but too often, to raise the hero, we must sink the man.

The form of this city is perfectly regular and agreeable, consisting of a number of streets leading from one spacious center, which serves both as a market-place, and a parade for the military, on one side of which stands the Stadthouse, and on the opposite the guard-house. — It has been formerly considered as a convenient place for trade; in consequence of which the Emperor Charles VI. established an East-India company here.—But however correspondent with the natural law, free trade may be to as many kingdoms and states as can embrace it; we may conclude that it is not always consonant

## CORIAT JUNIOR. 67

ferent to the politic—so that as this new company was like to give umbrage to some of their neighbours (who had already full enough to ruin them) it was thought best to desist, to shut up the warehouses, and to set the directors adrift, rather than to keep up a perpetual object of jealousy.

Come we next to the great church.

But what have we here without?—a representation of purgatory?—fantastic imagery!—a woman too at this early hour, the less to be observed, in act of the most fervent devotion!—mark her well.——

This can be no sneaking devotee—her graceful air denotes the contrary—the careless flowing of her veil adds dignity to the figure—her hands are not locked together, after the manner in which children are taught to beg a grand-

64. CORIAT JUNIOR.

This visitation has brought her to a firer dependance---we'll leave her to that mercy which she so earnestly implores---and enter the church. —

Well, my good friend! what think you of popish altars?---these are the first you ever saw.

And far unlike any that I could have conceived.

Is it not then to be admired that there should be such different paths, and all leading to the same end?

Those who cannot read, nor write (and happy it is for millions that they can do neither) may here find the story that they fain would learn, fairly depicted----for pictures speak all languages ---- Amidst all this sculpture and painting, if the devout soul can but steer clear of the stone and of the  
canvas.

CORIAT JUNIOR. 65

canvas---so much the better---You smile--which indeed is as much as can be done in many cases that we can neither prevent, nor cure.

But we shall have leisure enough to contemplate these novelties during the course of our journey--- a truce then with this serious stuff!---or if the reader is bound to take it in the lump, let it only be introduced by a little and a little at a time.

C H A P. IX.

*Which sets off with a few Reflections upon  
polite Oeconomy.*

I Have frequently heard some foreigners blamed, nay ridiculed for many things that have appeared to me praiseworthy, and which might be included under the article of POLITE OECONOMY—Among others, for their love of dress,  
and



66      CORIAT JUNIOR.

and affectation of appearance beyond the narrow limits of their fortune—but above all, for their social entertainments, to which last head I shall chiefly confine these reflections.

The general frugality that is practised by some gentlemen of small incomes, enabling them occasionally to treat their equals, and often their superiors in point of fortune (and which they do in great abundance, out of the accumulated savings in their ordinary way of living) is made the constant jest of the rich, and of such whose chief merit, perhaps is, That they have it in their power to treat every day.

But pray tell me on which side the jest truly lies?—Are we to laugh at the modest parsimony of the one, or the unfeeling arrogance of the other?

Why

CORIAT JUNIOR. 67

Why should greatness insult lowliness ; and wherefore should meek self-denial be the scorn of wanton luxury ?

If the rich man banquets his friends on a service of plate, the frugal gentleman's service of pewter indicates as generous an intention, and is for the most part accompanied with a heartier welcome.

‘ But the folly of denying himself to keep up appearances !’

But the merit of denying himself, in order, as this world goes, to preserve respect ?

‘ The beggary of heating his soup, and hashing his mutton again and again, that he may afford to give a supper once a month !’—

The

68      CORIAT JUNIOR.

The insolence of reproaching him with that beggary, since he never invited you to his hashed mutton—and the meanness of partaking of his more costly board, for no other end but to turn it into ridicule!

‘The vanity of apeing his betters!’—

His betters they are not:—for it may be that he can boast a descent, as illustrious as the best of them—or give him but understanding and virtue, and he seeks not to avail himself of the meer ashes of his ancestry.

‘He would—but he cannot.’—

He would be richer (for greater he cannot be)—but failing of that accident, he is contented to act in conformity with the mode—to preserve an honest independency, and to shew how far  
virtuous.

virtuous œconomy may be used as the prop of gentility.

And so we might battle it on, for the diversion of the auditors, for half an hour longer—and which of us would be most in the right?—Neither:—How! neither of us in the right?—that seems strange!—Which would be in the wrong then?—Both.

Right and wrong depend upon numberless circumstances—Custom and education, and even locality often determine the difference.

It is right for any one decently to uphold the character of a gentleman as far as he is able, if he is conscious that many of the requisites necessary to constitute such a character, are sentimentally impressed upon his mind, and deeply engraven upon his heart—But if he is an utter stranger to those sensibilities, it is  
wrong

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70      CORIAT JUNIOR.

wrong in him to wear the mask of a gentleman.

It is perfectly right and consistent with the principles of a gentleman to prefer the honour to the profits of his employment — but it would be the wrongest way of thinking in the world, for any man who meant to make the most of his place.

The company which we fortunately joined at *Ghistel*, happened to be of that sentimental cast ;—they were vainer of merited rank, than of undeserved affluence—and as several of them were distinguished with little ensigns of princely honours pendent at their button-holes, it seemed to be their chief pride so to wear them, as that the public might more and more approve their sovereign's choice.

Nor

CORIAT JUNIOR. 71

Nor was it less mine, as often as my dear country was the subject uppermost to hear them with uncommon candour, magnify her greatness, and mutually to testify that hereditary worth and bravery were inseparable from the genius of BRITAIN.

In feasting and agreeable converse, with music and dancing we pass the day—ay, and a great part of the night too:—in the excellency of the latter, I must not forget *Madame la Baronesse de K——*, who though far advanced towards her grand climacteric, if not a little on the other side, outdanced the youngest of the company.

If I mistake not, somewhere here, or hereabouts, I promised to give some little account of *Ghizel*—and for that purpose my companion and I slip out of the room after dinner, in order to reconnoitre.—The only natural

72      CORIAT JUNIOR.

tural object that struck us was a small plantation of tobacco---the first we had ever seen growing in a common field---but this is no rarity in *Flanders*.

We next pursued our walk towards the ruined church; where happily meeting with the story of that blessed virgin-martyr saint *Godeliva*—Nay then, said I, 'twill be impossible for us to fulfill our engagement to the reader—her life deserves an history---and shall I deny her the tribute of an entire chapter?---She shall have no less.

C H A P. X.

*The Traveller falls a digging among the Rubbish of Ghistel, but is prevented from making any great Progress.*

WHO says that *Ovid* was a numscull?---I never said any such thing. — Does it follow because the painter

CORIAT JUNIOR. 73

painter of the miraculous story of Saint *Godeliva* was a most ingenious artist, that therefore the tender-hearted Roman was a fool?---I have no notion of raising one character, albeit it stands confessed that he has soared somewhat above human flight, at the expence of sinking another, who has certainly merited great praise both for his own and for other inventions.

‘ Who was that painter you are speaking of ? ’

I never heard his name—but names are indifferent things---he lives in his works, and in his monuments —— *Homer* and *Cæsar* do no more.

‘ What were his works ? ’

Have I not told you?---the miracles of that blessed virgin-martyr Saint *Godeliva*.

VOL. I.

D

‘ What



74            CORIAT JUNIOR.

‘ What were they ? ’

That old woman, whose business it is to attend strangers, for a small fee, will inform you.

‘ Can’t you tell us as well as the old woman ? ’

If you had rather have the tale from me, I’ll do my best to satisfy you—at least to set your curiosity agog ; which is as much as I can pretend to—from an accident that happened to frustrate my design.——

‘ What accident ?—what design ?—I don’t understand you.’——

I’m very glad of it ; as it affords me an opportunity of explaining myself.

But

But first of all it is proper to acquaint you, that *Ghistel*, once the boast of her province, and the pride of her encircling hamlets—or, (to speak more intelligibly)—that *Ghistel*, which, if I am not misinformed, was ranked some centuries ago, as the second or third city in *Flanders*, is now reduced to an inconsiderable village; nor could I perceive any thing that denoted its pristine grandeur, save the remains of a castle, formerly possessed by its ancient counts, and about one half of a fine old church, large enough for its present inhabitants, which, if my memory fails me not, is dedicated to Saint *Godeliva*.

‘ Pray who was she ? ’

Why she was the daughter of a count of *Boulogne*, and the wife of a certain count *Rodolphus*—or it might be, that she was the wife of the count of *Boulogne*, and the daughter of somebody else—the story is a little obscured by time, the

mon obscurer of many a good story.—  
 However certain it is that she was one  
 man's daughter and another man's  
 wife.——

‘ The first I shall readily grant you  
 —but cannot so easily give into the  
 other---because I think you set out  
 with calling her a virgin-martyr.’

And so she was notwithstanding---I  
 hope you won't discredit my relation  
 upon that account--there is nothing  
 uncommon in that---I could produce  
 you twenty such instances.---Heaven  
 was pleas'd to make her the child of a  
 hard-hearted father; and as a further  
 trial of her unexampled patience, that  
 she should be the spouse of a tyrannical  
 and cruel husband.

‘ All-bounteous heaven!-----but it  
 might be that the count's cruelty arose  
 from the lady's obstinacy, in peevishly  
 deny-

CORIAT JUNIOR. 77

denying him that, to which by the matrimonial rite he had an indubitable claim---that alone for which the husband always gives a large consideration, and sometimes pays more for than it is worth.'

I cannot answer for his barbarity---- true it is, that if the Saint was previously dedicated to the temple, as we have reason to think she was, and that her earthly marriage was rigorously enforced upon her, it would have been damnable in the count to have asserted his fancied prerogative; and the most heinous sacrilege he could have been guilty of, to have violated her sweet shrine upon any pretence whatsoever.

' Well, but the pictures.'-----

Patience---and you shall have them.  
---One of the ailes of the remaining part of the church, forms her chapel,

and is hung round with twelve large historical pictures, representing as many of her trials and miracles.—Now those, you must know it was my full intention to bring away with me,—don't mistake me — not the pictures themselves—no, I had not any such sacrilegious design—but the stories there depicted—but unfortunately was prevented.

‘ What prevented you ? ’

That you shall hear presently.— However I made the best use of my time ; and I trust the courteous reader will accept of these specimens as an earnest of my kind intention.

This incomparable lady from her early years appears to have been blessed with the tenderest heart that ever melted in a human breast towards the wants of others ; and as she grew up, this darling

ing

CORIAT JUNIOR: 79

ing principle waxed stronger—alms-deeds were her chief delight; and so that she was but continually employed in relieving the distressed, what did it signify if thereby she kept her father and his household in everlasting confusion? — ‘What’s become of all the victuals?’ cries one— ‘What devil has ran away with my lord’s dinner?’ raves another—no matter----the poor it is to be hoped have had a good meal-----and his lordship may fend to market for more.

Fie on mother Goose!----she was an errant goose---and her tales, mere tales compared with the acts of Saint *Godeliva!*

‘I wish you would produce the specimens.’

You shall have them--- the first then exhibits the fair almoner with her lap full of loaves, as we are to suppose (for

she had just been clearing the cupboards of all the bread) going out of her father's house to make her wonted distribution among the poor---close at her heels followed the steward---it might be that he lay in wait for her---'Have I caught you, miss, thinks he!---now surrender to me your charge---after this manner the bread is disposed of, and my lord is perpetually finding fault with the baker's extravagant bill, at the same time that the servants protest they are half-famished, and can scarce get any thing to eat.'

Whether this paragon of purity denied the fact, or tried to extenuate it, or wished to have it concealed from her enraged fire, is uncertain---most probably neither---but that instantaneously she betook herself to presto-prayer!---for, upon the steward's unfolding her apron to make good his charge, the little brick-

CORIAT JUNIOR. 83

brick-loaves were suddenly converted into little fuel-billets!—There was a pretty metamorphosis for you!

‘Mighty ingenious, I confess; and what few people would have thought of.’

The subject of the second picture is as follows—The count her father having prepared a magnificent banquet, upon some solemn occasion—perhaps that of his daughter’s nuptials—to which all the kings and princes, with their consorts, within twenty, or thirty miles of *Ghifel* were invited—the company being met, and ready to eat their fingers with impatience—of a sudden the cooks and their associates discover that the whole entertainment had been secretly swept away—this strange news presently reaches the ears of the footmen—who whisper it to the clerk of the kitchen—who relates it to the gentle-

D 4. men.



## 82      CORIAT JUNIOR.

men in waiting—who carry it to the steward of the household—who privately communicates it to the old count; adding of his own head, ‘ that he suspected this to be one of miss *Godeliva*’s tricks ’—and, tauntingly, ‘ that the poor would not want sauce for one while---but that really his lordship’s cooks would gain very little credit.’

Stung with disgrace and disappointment, the old count stamped, swore, raved, bit his nails, gnashed his teeth, beat his forehead, smote his breast, crossed himself, and grew a little composed!—Anon, he roared out, ‘ bring in the dinner!—how long are my noble friends to wait?’—But upon the steward’s refreshing his lordship’s memory, ‘ that the poor had eat it all up!’—he began again to execrate, cursing his stars, himself, his daughter, his house, and all his princely guests!—‘ Where’s  
*God-*

CORIAT JUNIOR. 83

*Godlike?*—where is the forcerers?—bring her before me!

The trembling fugitive is brought to answer for her ill-timed charity—the enraged father's looks are direful!—his menaces to extort the truth, fearful to human ears!—O more than savage count?—the sweet faint, all bathed in tears! prostrate before him!—implores——

‘What?—a miracle to be sure— for nothing less could save her at such a pinch!’

—Present relief—in the name of him (as the old woman informed us) who had miraculously fed five thousand, &c.

In the twinkling of an eye, the turbot, turtles, haunches and sirloins (or other cates which might have been  
D 6 thought

## 84 CORIAT JUNIOR.

thought as good in those days) dance back invisibly into their respective platters, and are found to the astonishment of the beholders, marshalled in the same order in which they were to be placed upon the tables?—was not that a banquet lost and found, think you?

‘ This may be accounted a double miracle---for the conveyance was almost as astonishing as the re-conveyance.’

.. What strange employments princesses were set upon formerly, and what wretched shifts they were often reduced to!--Our ladies have no notion of such doings now-a-days--we commonly meet with one at a washing tub—and with another, when the king of the Peacocks, or some other great potentate comes to demand her highness in marriage—the fame of whose beauty had resounded to the utmost verge, not only

## CORIAT JUNIOR. 85

ly of his dominions, but of the most distant kingdoms upon earth! —we are shocked to hear that such a paragon of beauty is confined to her bed, while her slippers are gone to be heel-pieced! —or that her highness is locked up, because forsooth, she has no cloaths to appear in!

Upon recollecting these ancient and well-attested relations, shall we then wonder to find in the legend of Saint *Godeliva* that that peerless princess was once humbled to a meer scare-crow; her post having been to frighten away the birds from a field of ripe corn—at one extremity of the field stood a fair chapel, such as pilgrims frequently meet with by the way side—to this inviting house of prayer the sweet scare-crow often repaired, unmindful of her charge.—These were so many favourable occasions, as you will suppose, for the watchful feathered songsters to make  
havock

havock of the ripe ears :--no such thing, I promise you—they might hover over them if they pleased, but, in her absence they dared not to touch a single grain :—and this is the subject of the third tablature.

But who have we here?—as I live! the pensioner and all the company—they have followed us out of meer civility—I wished their civility at the devil!

‘ Sir ’ said the pensioner, and blushed as he spoke—‘ these pictures are not for you ’—observing that I had a pencil in my hand, he was inquisitive to know, what use I had made of it?—I told him very innocently— at which I perceived the colour in his cheeks grew higher ; which by a sudden sympathy kindled a kindred glow in mine— ‘ I can furnish you with more rational entertainment,’ said he—‘ here is an inscription of the twelvth

CORIAT JUNIOR. 27

twelfth century'—leading me to the spot—a pox take all inscriptions! thought I—can you find me such another set of pictures?

And must I leave thee, thou dulcet *Godeliva*! divine cherub! chaste star of *Ghistel*! whose fame survives thy country's wreck!— I meant, sweet shade! at least to have learned the story of thy life, and then to have composed thy litany.

But I am fated to sacrifice three parts of my enjoyment to tyrannous mode, and arbitrary politeness—'tis what I have done all my life.

To tell you the truth the pensioner and I looked very queer at each other as long as we remained in the church—if our eyes chanced to meet, it was to our mutual confusion, and when we spoke,  
the

88      CORIAT JUNIOR.

the same bashful hesitation faltered upon either tongue.

Indeed I thanked him for his inscription, but was so little interested in the subject, that I don't remember a syllable of it.—It was forced upon me, and therefore I was not disposed to receive it.—It might have come in its turn well enough,—but not to the prejudice of divine *Godoliva*.

He marked my indifference, and was vexed—and I was as much perplexed that he saw it—I am persuaded that each considered the other as being in an awkward situation.

Unfortunately the subject was of that delicate nature that it would not admit of an explanation—the less that was said upon it the better.

He

**CORIAT JUNIOR. 89**

He might suspect that I considered the pictures in a ridiculous light—perhaps he considered them in the same light, but in a less degree of ridicule.

Let no man henceforward, who would be thought polite, offend against another's private sentiments in matters of faith, or the established religion of a country where he chances to sojourn.

The gentleman who shared with me in this dilemma (I still mean the pensioner, but would avoid repeating his title so often) is blest with a countenance which strongly indicates an informed mind—now and then you meet with such faces—his was remarkably intelligent upon this occasion--- so that without asking his judgment upon the pictures, I could read it in very legible characters, purporting, ' that men of understanding are justified in abetting the religion of their country ; but they  
may



may not be compelled to adopt every foolery belonging to it.'

## C H A P. XI.

*A few affecting Twitches, which, it is to be hoped, arise naturally out of the Subject.*

**B**Y Saint *Godeliva*!—who shall henceforth be the divinity that I will deprecate, as often as I undertake the cause of injured innocence, and defenceless beauty.

By Saint *Godeliva*! said I, 'tis monstrous, cruel, unnatural!—nor will I admit of any argument in defence of so unfeeling, so inhuman a practice!

This was spoken to that modest and well-deserving gentleman, doctor *M<sup>r</sup> V.* as we were coming out of the convent of the devout sisters of *Our Lady of the Conception*.

Among

CORIAT JUNIOR. 91

: Among other debts, of obligation which I owe to the good doctor, I shall not readily forget his kindness in introducing me to the company of some of the nuns of that holy sifterhood; and in particular to my fair countrywoman, sifter *Grace Fox*, who tho' born and bred a protestant of the church of *England*, had beenfoothed, or tempted, or some how or other constrained to take the habit of that order.

Indeed 'tis a most bewitching habit—enough to make any girl enamoured with a cloyster, who was but sensible of her own charms (as most are, who have any; and many fancy, who have none) and conceited how well she would become it.—'Tis of fine white woollen cloth, spotless as the lambkin's fleece, from whence it is derived, and symbolical of its native purity—the thin, transparent, black veil adown the face, contrasts the red and white—which,  
from

92            CORIAT JUNIOR.

from its gentle waving, still opens new beauties, still conceals what may be better imagined—the most loosely-attired coquet cannot display the thousandth part of them.

But turn thine eyes from it, thou fair observer!—too easily enticed by false appearance—susceptible alike of good and evil—for, take my word, *there's magic in the web of it!*—The moment thou puttest it on, thy beauties storehouse, the pride of Heaven, thyself, and all mankind, will become a piteous charnel!—thy fair opening blossoms will wither, thy roses fade, thy lillies shrink from their whiteness!—thy silken locks for ever be concealed—thy crystal orbs cease to emit their wonted fires!—thy fragrant breath which late out-vied the morning's freshness, be thenceforth spent in broken and causeless sighs!—thyne eyes will be directed to turn inwards, there to behold the spotless chamber

ber

CORIAT JUNIOR. 93

ber of thy soul!--wretched conceit!--  
alas! that thou mightest well do, hadst  
thou no eyes at all!--who then shall  
mark thy witching airs, thy easy steps,  
thy graceful motions?--None but Di-  
vinities shall hear thy soft, melting  
speech---none but angels catch the en-  
rapturing music of thy voice!

What a pity it is to see so many  
delicate young creatures shut up from  
society!--the very ends of their being  
blasted!--created to charm, to cheer,  
to be admired—to love and to be loved  
—to taste the riches of increase---to  
rejoice in their maker's bounty, not li-  
mited to them alone, but extended to  
their numerous offspring!

What a perversion of scripture is  
here?---Virgins and lamps!---vessels  
of honour and leafy trees!---which are  
the foolish virgins?---those who at-  
tended the bridegroom's coming, or  
those

94 CORIAT JUNIOR.

those who went not till it was too late!  
--- which are the most honourable, the  
full or the empty vessels! --- which  
the goodliest tree, the leafy or the  
fruitful?

Here buried alive, they grow and  
wither in obscurity—they may not be  
touched, scarce looked upon, their  
fragrancy never once to be tasted!—  
their sweet breath serving only to bedew  
and perfume the hallowed walls, ren-  
dered such by immuring them.

And so the conversion of my pretty  
countrywoman, it seems, was, in a  
great measure, owing to the present  
pious bishop of *Bruges*.

His lordship had learnt that her incli-  
nation was wavering, her faith unsteady,  
her means of support slender—here a  
fine opportunity presented itself of tak-  
ing her soul into keeping, of fixing her  
faith

faith, and at the same time of securing her body's maintenance—he paid down the price of her admission among the *Conceptionists*.

To establish the wavering mind—to receive the stranger—to patronize the wretched, are certainly acts of great humanity, and becoming a bishop as much as any man whatsoever.—His lordship, no doubt was happy in thinking that he had gained a soul—but I dare say he never once reflected how many good subjects the king my master may have lost through his zeal, and Heaven perhaps as many saints.

Your pardon my dear doctor, 'tis your want of consideration, not mine—no man upon earth loves, honours, respects them more than myself—you consider them too partially—my affection for them is as unbounded as love itself—you only want to add to the  
number

96      CORIAT JUNIOR.

number of the elect—I would wish to increase the inhabitants of Heaven.

I know you are a papist, doctor, and from a fondness for your female relations may wish to have two thirds of your sisters, aunts and cozens become nuns and saints—but I, upon sound protestant principles, cannot for the soul, or for the body of me, or both united, consider a woman, but as a woman.

C H A P. XII.

*Of the Passage by Water from Ostende to Bruges.*

**F**OUR days and a great part of a fifth spent in such a narrow confine as *Ostende*, were enough to make any stranger tired of her bleak prospects, which hardly admit of a tree—but it is not such an easy matter to grow tired

tired of company that we affect—on the contrary, the longer we stay, the less inclined we are to depart; nor is there any thing more common than for friendships to ripen from accidental meetings.

If any difficulty should arise upon that head, the best way to solve it, is to pursue the method that was successfully practised by my fellow-traveller and me; which was to prevail upon some of them to accompany us a part of the journey—accordingly the sensible pensioner went on with us to *Bruges*, the polite chevalier *D'H*—— to *Ghent*, the lady in whose house we had experienced so much courtesy, to *Brussels*, and my daughter of course, to the end of my observations.

We took boat at *Ostende*, and proceeded to *Sas*, where we went on board the *Bruges* barge at three in the afternoon,



98      CORIAT JUNIOR.

noon, the precise hour of setting out, after taking leave of the courteous Dr. *M<sup>c</sup> V*—— and others who attended us thither.

The *Sas*, or sluice which opens to the grand canal, supplying it with seawater upon the flowing of the tide, is justly admired as one of the finest, if not first work of its kind in *Europe*—the beautiful saw-mills, in number sixteen (fourteen of which are for planks, and two for laths) are esteemed perfect models in their way—the elegant manner of setting them down in rows, so as to form as it were a little village of mills, has a pleasing effect, and a certain proof how much we are caught with regularity in some works of art.—The architect of them is still living—I had the pleasure of meeting with him some days after at *Mechlin*, and he did not appear to me to be a meer mill-wright—indeed there is  
so

so much taste in those works over and above the mechanical knowledge requisite, as bespeak him something more.

I shall not take upon me to determine how far we are benefitting ourselves by all the rage of improvement with which we seem to be possessed—nor, whether the introduction of saw-mills would be an advantage?—all I shall observe is, that our neighbours find their account in them; and that they avail themselves of their mechanics (in every kind of mill-work especially) far more than we do—I could easily point out a small district in *Holland*, inferior to the ordinary extent of a parish, which contains more mills, than a whole province with us.

This is vulgarly supposed to be entirely owing to the accident of their watery situation—but it is a great mistake, for they are all wind-mills.

Not to disappoint our northern navigation, nor to starve a number of our own industrious poor (God forbid !) are weighty considerations—I would not be instrumental either to the one, or the other.—On the contrary, was it within the compass of my slender ability, to throw out such hints as might be the means of my country's spreading more canvas upon the bosom of the ocean; and starting fresh matter of employment for my poor fellow subjects at home; I should be too happy—I should be rich myself, even to a degree of voluptuousness.

In the mean time if, after due consideration, saw-mills are thought necessary, I have only pointed out where the most perfect models are to be found.

There are coaches, or diligences which go, I believe, regularly between *Ostende*, *Slyk* and *Bruges*, but the most  
pre-

preferable conveyance, whenever the canals are open, is, in my opinion, by water.

The passage from *Ostende* to *Bruges* in a large commodious barge, drawn by a pair of horses along the great cut, or grand canal, called the *Bruges*-canal, is really delightful, and affords a new and agreeable scene to persons unacquainted with inland navigation.

I cannot precisely determine the number of tons burden of those vessels; neither is it material, as they are not constructed so much for goods and merchandize, as for the accommodation of passengers; which end is happily effected by the genteel and orderly manner of conducting them.

Those who never travelled in any way resembling this, nearer than a West-Country-barge, a Gravesend-boat

E 3



boat, or a Margate-hoy, will be able to form but very inadequate ideas—in either of which 'tis great odds if the sober traveller meets with any thing but dirt, and disorder, and rascally company; spontaneous in that vile ribaldry called *water-wit*; but who have no sense of any pleasantry, but that which consists in prophaneness and abuse.

Persons of a sober cast, and endued with common reflection, whose business, or convenience may occasionally make them prefer cheapness to every other consideration, must needs be unhappy in such miserable society—and even those who glory most in their native freedom, cannot but lament the abuse of it, which appears in the general depravity and licentiousness of the common people.

On the contrary there you meet with nothing but harmony—the utmost civility

lity to strangers, and propriety to each other—you might as soon expect to partake of the diversion of ducking a pick-pocket, as to hear an indecent word, far less an oath, from the mouth of the meanest passenger; or to see a battle-royal fought upon the deck, as to perceive the least immodest action, or gesticulation in any of the company.

The barge is divided into three parts—in either extremity is a handsome cabin (high enough in the roof for a tall man to stand upright) genteely fitted up with looking-glasses, curtains and other necessary furniture—the cabin in the stern is always reserved for the states of the province, and is therefore called the states-cabin; and that in the head, is for the better sort of passengers, or those who pay the first price—the middle, is for inferiors, who pay half-price, as well as for the religious of the Mendicant orders, who abound in that country,

104      CORIAT JUNIOR.

try, and some or other of them are constantly to be met with in the barges—they are well received by the skippers, and pass *gratis* from one place to another.

There is not the least confinement on board ; but the passengers stay below, or walk the deck ; form themselves into little parties of conversation, or cards ; or remain solitary, or read, as the weather and their different dispositions suit.

There is a good road, or causeway on either side the canal, on the right of which in going, a postilion with a pair of horses and a splinter-bar at the end of the traces, to which a small cord leading from the mast is fastened, move on at an equal trot—when the wind serves, they hoist a sail, which happened to be the case that afternoon.

Nothing

Nothing can be more agreeable than the equal motion, and almost imperceptible gliding along—the time passes insensibly in courteous company and polite conversation ; in writing letters, or in recollecting and preparing the particular business you may have in hand.

To strangers, in fine weather, it is perfect solace to sit under an awning in the steerage, to traverse the deck, to behold the beautiful bed of water, cut in a strait line for several miles in length, and farther than the eye can reach ; either side in some parts planted with trees ; and as the country thereabouts is very open, and well stocked with villages, which throughout the province are within a league of each other, the traveller may in one circumference count (as I have done) above twenty parish-churches, besides a great number of convents, castles, gentlemen's seats and ruins.



The vessel will easily accomodate three, or four score passengers—there people of all ranks and professions mix promiscuously—clergy and laity; persons of the most respectable character in the country, and often high in office; ladies and gentlemen; chanoines of cathedrals, curates of parishes, and conventual priests and friars; merchants and artificers; countrymen and their wives—for quietness, you might even fancy yourself at church—and though the garb of the ordinary people is coarse and plain, yet 'tis commonly neat, and never offensive.

In a time of general national improvement in our own country, when arts, manufactures and commerce are rising (I rather should say, are rose) to such a height, as scarcely any nation has ever equalled, and none excelled; among other works of rare genius and industry, no wonder that certain

tain great spirits have lately arisen among us, who with consummate judgment have planned, and at an immense labour and expence have carried their noble design into execution.

But what is too vast for the mind of man?—he who can measure time and space, and number infinites, and map the universe!—create a force that might suspend the globe!—explode the bowels of the earth, and find out its contents and uses!—bid navies rise, and have free and safe passage through the boundless ocean!—can seemingly invert the established laws of nature—he who can tame the fiercest savage, can certainly change the course of a current—he who can make a lion crouch, may be presumed to be capable of guiding the goodly merchant ship through paths where corn and herbage lately grew.

Well might our arch-poet \* stand in admiration of his own image, and cry out in extasy !

*What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a God ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !*

Blessings be the present reward of their labour, as future honour can never fail to crown their memory to latest, latest time !

I have no doubt but that the undertakers and encouragers are already apprized of every end of their grand design, and of every means to effect it— they have already given, as I am informed, sufficient testimony of their profound skill in the science of le-

\* SHAKESPEARE. velling,

yelling, draining, imbanking, &c. — but their candour, I'm persuaded, will pardon my presumption (for candour is generally, and should be always found with the ingenious) unequal as I am to the task, or in the remotest way to aid their endeavours, for dropping a hint which may be useful, at least, to future undertakers--that in case of any difficulty, the curious searcher may be almost sure of overcoming it, by a due observation of different parts of the *Netherlands*.

The cutting and imbanking the *Bruges*-canal, as well as many more through which I afterwards pass; their draw bridges raised with as much ease, as buckets of water; turn-bridges, as the bars of turnpikes; stupendous flood-gates thrown open, with little more difficulty than a pair of folding doors, letting ships of two or three hundred tons burden pass through, and gently closing again—such glorious proofs of human

human wit and industry, thought I, may be no ways striking (like St. Paul's cathedral and Westminster abbey) to those who see them every day—but to me, who I confess had but very imperfect ideas of such perfect works, they appear great, immense, astonishing!

If any thing can favour the description more, which I have given of the pleasure and satisfaction arising from this water-conveyance, give me leave to add, that it is the entire security you enjoy as to your person and goods.—People who are naturally fearful of the water, may rest as well satisfied as if in their own chambers; the apparent possibility of any danger being cut off—Those who are negligent of their concerns, need not be under any pain on account of their carelessness, provided they are sure that they dropt, or left any thing in the barge.

## CORIAT JUNIOR.     THE

In a *Gravesend* boat, or a *London* hackney-coach, if a passenger should leave any thing behind him, 'tis a hundred to one if he recovered it from the moment he turned his back—but there it is far otherwise, for if one of the company should chance to forget a parcel, or drop his purse, or his watch, or a diamond ring from off his finger, he would be sure to find it a month afterwards.

The *Flemings*, even the meanest of them, are honest—but the master of a barge, or a coach is unexceptionably so—a stranger may always leave it to one of those people to pay himself, and there is no danger of his taking a farthing more than his due.

The passage from *Ostende* to *Bruges* is called four hours, or leagues; for throughout the *Netherlands* distance is  
com-

## THE CORIAT JUNIOR.

computed by time—but having a fair wind, we performed it in about two hours and a half.

### CHAP. XIII.

*Somewhat about TOM CORIAT; and of the Advantage of talking Latin.*

I Am but a poor scholar, God help me!—my old namesake, honest TOM CORIAT, was a very great one—honest TOM! who was certainly a wiser man than the world thought him; and a better, than many of those that laughed at him—who not contented with being laughed at, at home, chose to take great strides \* upon the continents of EUROPE and ASIA, and doubtless set folks a tittering wherever he went.

\* He traversed a great part of EUROPE and ASIA on foot.

TOM

## CORIAT JUNIOR. 113

Tom possess one part of *Falstaff's* character in a very eminent degree, and if he was not over-witty himself, he was the true cause *that wit was in other men*.\*

TOM was the *jig-maker* of the court—the *vice* of every comedy, and the *punch* of every puppet-show of his time; whether acted by lords and ladies at Saint James's, by aldermen and their wives in their *Guildhall*, by poets and their punks in taverns, or by grave heads of houses and their fellows in the universities.

POOR TOM! as many of us know, lived about a hundred and fifty years since—when, or where, or in what manner he died, nobody can tell with any certainty.

\* See the verses, some of which are incomparably humorous, prefixed to his *Crudities*, 4to. Lond. 1611—or a re-publication of the same with additions, under the title of *The Odecmbian Banquet*; *dissected forth* by Thomas the Coriat, 4to. 1611—Also the works of *John Taylor*, the *Water-Poet*, fol. Lond. 1630.

TOM.



TOM was a great *Grecian*, and little less a *Latinist*:—and indeed the knowledge of some one or two more, besides the mother tongue is absolutely necessary in travelling:—more especially if your mother happened to be an *English-woman*, or a *Dutch-woman*, a *Dane*, a *Norwegian*, or a *Laplander*; a *Swede*, a *Russ*, or a *Pole*; with some others that I could name, if I was at leisure:—though I ought to beg pardon for the two last-mentioned, they being both dialects of the *Sclavonic*, which is spoken by more nations and countries than I shall enumerate at this time; or indeed than any other *European* language:—but for the rest, they are absolutely fettered down to their own particular districts and provinces.

If your mother happened to be a *German*, you might then traverse a vast tract of country, and pass for an intelligible creature:—but if a *Swiss*, so much  
the

the better ; nor need I wish you a better fortune—for then one might be sure that you had risen a learned man from your cradle.

If she chanced to have been a *French-woman*, I congratulate you from my soul!—provided that you are not too conceited with it ; and vainly expect that all mankind as well as yourself ought to speak French, because, forsooth, your mother was a *French-woman*.

Now this is really so far from being the true state of the case, that tho' you meet with several who can speak that almost univerval language, it is also certain that you may encounter with many who are as totally ignorant of the *French* as I am of the *Arabic*.

For example—I met with a pious soul of a *Recollect* in the barge passing between *Ostende* and *Bruges*, who was  
first

first reading his breviary, next bidding his beads—then another page or two of the breviary; and then another round or two of the beads.—When he had performed his devout exercises, he had leisure to look at me—and I looked at him again.

He accosted me in *Latin*, and I answered him in *French*—I presently found that the father did not understand a word of *French*; and I dare say the good man was as well satisfied, that if I had a few Latin words, I hardly knew how to put them together;—yet still we conversed, and made it out as well as we could:—the conversation was really edifying—but it would have been much more so, had we understood each other better.

This was not the only instance by a great many that I met with, of the advantage of the *Latin* even above the  
*French*

*French*—especially in visiting the monasteries, which is to me by much the most entertaining part of a journey in the *Austrian Netherlands*—The past religious state of our own country naturally recurs to us, and its monastic antiquities are familiarised, with all the spirit of real life and action.

In all the modern tongues that we acquire, to be able to speak is a great object, as well as to read and understand.—I marvel then that it should be so much neglected in learning the dead languages, especially the *Latin*, as it is in our schools and seminaries.

For my part, I am so thoroughly satisfied of its utility, and so must every gentleman who would chuse to *improve* himself by travel; that I am determined the first opportunity I have, to renew my acquaintance with my old friend *Erasmus*—And if any success should follow

follow this well-intended work, out of the first end of it will I enrich my library with a complete set of *Clarke's* classics with literal translations; and another set of Dr. *Stirling's* with verbal indexes.

One ought never to be too old to learn.

After having made a tolerable progress in reading, I'll set about speaking—and if I can get nobody to talk with me—why I'll talk to myself.

One should not be always reading; 'tis idle—and without communication, unprofitable.

## C H A P. XIV.

*Of our Arrival at BRUGES.*

MY intention is not to *make* a great book, but to *write* a little one.—I could easily collect a huge volume of excellent materials (with far less trouble than I take in spinning out my own cobwebs) since many of the ablest pens have been employed upon the history of the *Netherlands*; and endeavour to palm them upon the public for my own—but wherefore should I plunder the dead, to punish the living?

Or with more candour than wit, more labour than fancy, and less judgment than reading, I might entertain my customers for a month together, with long-winded quotations from *Guicciardini*, *Bentivoglio*, *Strada*,  
*Grotius*,

*Grotius*, *Sanderus* and many more—steal sentences from some, and plans and prospects from others—but since those men have merited so well of the republic of letters, why should I attempt to enervate them, and haſt their venerable remains according to my conceit?—let each ſtand ſingle and independent upon his own bottom—may he ſtill be read, ſtill inform, and ſtill have our tribute of praiſe—and ſo may every author who deſerves it.

The ingenious compiler of the *grand tour*, in common with ſeveral of his brethren, informs us that *Bruges* comes from *Bridges* (and of courſe *Bridges* from *Bruges*) of which they ſay there are above two hundred in this city—It may be ſo, for, upon my honour, I never counted them, no more than I did the ſtreets, which, it ſeems, amount to two hundred and ſixty.

They

They tell you moreover that there are about seventy parochial and conventual churches—I can easily believe it from the astonishing number of ecclesiastics, secular and regular, which are seen in the streets, and who abound full as much here as in any city in the Netherlands.—I tell you very fairly that my time was so short that I saw but little of that once flourishing city, arriving there only in the evening, and leaving it by nine o'clock the next morning; so that it was with the utmost difficulty in so large a place, that I made shift to run up one street and down another—to pop my head first into one church, then into another——If any of the courteous inhabitants did me the honour of a salute *en passant*, as is very customary; to present them with my best bows in return—to step into one shop, and ask for snuff; and into another, to buy a memorandum-book, with the better grace to inform myself



of the name of such a place, or such an edifice—to thank them for their information, and to forget both by the time I had turned the corner of the next street; with many more impertinencies of the same kind, in the true spirit of modern travelling.—Yet what little I saw, I liked; and what I liked, I needs must commend.

But before I enter upon any further particulars respecting the city, let me, like a faithful guide, disembark my readers, and convey them in the most agreeable manner from the barge without the *Ostende* port, to Myn Heer *Vanderbergh's* at the Corn-Bloom (*Fleur de Blad*) the house of our destination.

At our near approach to the landing-place, I was struck with the appearance of about half a dozen fine equipages, that were waiting, as I concluded, for some of the passengers, gentlemen and ladies

ladies to whom they belonged, and whose quality I began to take into further consideration.

As I am confident that at least one half of my readers would have been of the same opinion, so I shall not be ashamed to acknowledge that I was under a very great mistake ; and that those same equipages, fine as they were, with all their carving and gilding, their plate glasses before and behind and on either side, their velvet linings, fringes and tassels, turned out to be only a stand of hackney coaches, one of which was immediately secured for our company.

Before you can be admitted within the gates of any city in the Austrian Netherlands, it is necessary to answer a few lawful questions ; such as, Who you are ? whence you came ? your business ? and, in particular, if you have any uncustomed goods ?—Nor are those

canals overgrown with grass, leading to spacious warehouses which were once the chief repositories in Europe! and from other circumstances which sufficiently shew the nothingness of human grandeur, and the vicissitude of human things.

Yet such is the will of Heaven, that every sublunary state should suffer change; and that as wise and virtuous men for the most part have been the founders and improvers of cities; so weak and wicked princes, or their ministers have been deemed fit instruments for their ruin and overthrow.

But if *commerce* is fallen among them, *religion* still lifts her head; and if the number who wait upon the altar can be admitted in testimony of the piety of its inhabitants; this surely may be accounted *an holy city*—priests and prophets in abundance—but not one

*Jeremiah*

*Jeremiab* to be found to lament over her!—the truth is, that they of all people have the least cause for lamentation.

But 'tis time to take a little notice of the situation of our inn, lest we should strole too far and forget the way back.—Upon my word, a very good house!—methinks I could wish it stood a little more airy—I have no other objection—O, here comes our landlord—

'Your servant, gentlemen!—welcome to *Bruges!*—Your company's up stairs!—Shew the room, *Peter!*—The ladies are just going to drink tea!—Supper will be ready at eight precisely!—a great many strangers in town!—answer the bell there!—your servant, gentlemen!'—

All in a breath—thank you, Mr. *Vandenbergb!*—a mighty civil host, and as fluent as a London vintner.

Why then, my worthy companion, I propose that we join with our party in a general welcome to this capital, that we take a refreshing dish of tea standing, that we ramble as long as it may be convenient, and afterwards betake ourselves to the book-seller's shop over the way, and there wait the call to supper.

The shops of bookfellers should always be visited by the curious traveller; since they may be considered as the abstracts of the genius and learning of the country.—A well-read, and at the same time a well-bred man, might in half an hour learn to dress his conversation by them; choosing such subjects as were most for his own information, and best suited to the humour of the people, and avoiding

avoiding such as he apprehended might give offence.—I am so clear in this conceit, tho' some may be disposed to laugh at it (and they have free leave so to do) that I don't know whether in some situations I would not pay the bookseller a visit, even before I had sent for the dresser.

To strengthen this opinion, and to guard against the sneers of some of my merrily-disposed readers, give me leave to observe, that if I had been hoodwinked, and privately conveyed from *London*, not knowing whither I was going, and had been set down in Myn Heer *Van Praet's* shop at *Bruges*, as soon as mine eyes had been uncovered and that I could look about me, I should not have hesitated a moment to pronounce that the religion of the country was popish, and the bulk of the inhabitants, bigots.—Upon a slight survey I should have discovered that the country was *Flan-*  
F 5
*ders,*

might stuff away for two hours together at so moderate a charge as fifteen, or twenty-pence a head.

Indeed ours was, to use one of TOM's favourite adjectives, a most *delectable* repast! consisting of at least fifty covers, including the desert—thanks to the considerate Mr. *Vandenbergh* who studies as much as any man to hit all palates, without laying too heavy a tax upon their pockets.

Upon hearing Mr. D——'s name mentioned, I began to look about—and who should it be but Mr. D—— himself?—Sir, I am very glad to see you—your lady, I presume!—Madam your most obedient——

This gentleman's story is somewhat remarkable—but I have no time to tell stories—let it suffice, that he had merit enough to deserve distinction long before

CORIAT JUNIOR. 133

fore he found any; but, unhappily, it was of that bashful kind which is ever the secret enemy of those who possess it, and sometimes ends in their ruin.—A fine bold-faced fellow with the *twentieth-part-the-tythe* of his pretensions, would have made a fortune, while the other was making out the means to live.

But modest merit will sooner, or later emerge from its obscurity;—or, if it fails, like virtue, it proves its own reward.

Happily at last he found a patron who thought his modesty no blemish—nay, he even cherished him the more upon that account, and gave him the full fruition of his reasonable wishes.—I say he found a patron, or a patron found him—and such a one, as virtuous times will wonder at, though corrupt seasons may traduce——one, whose genuine worth and true nobility will be the admiration



The ladies long cloaks and riding-hoods, such as were in fashion in *England* in the days of my grandmother, I am absolutely in love with—I always regarded them as the most horrible disguises that ever were invented—now I see 'tis far otherwise—but beauty, clad with modesty, what can disguise ?

They answer several essential purposes to managing ladies, so that the wearers may be as well, or as carelessly dressed under them, as they please ; are very decent for morning prayer, morning exercises and morning visits ; nor are they unbecoming, and suit with the notion of an undress far better than frippery modes and gauzes, and senseless chip hats.

How you stare at that crucifix!—Did you never see one before ?

‘ Several

CORIAT JUNIOR. 137

‘ Several—but the people take their hats off, as they pass by’—

Well, let them, if they chuse it—and you may keep yours on—

‘ Tis very strange!’—

There’s nothing strange—men wonder from their ignorance!

This is the cathedral — a venerable pile!—shall we enter?

‘ A vast many pillars to support so large a roof!’—

I’m glad you have found that out.—

‘ Pictures, without number!’—

That’s enough—no matter what they are.—But now you talk of pictures,  
pray

pray let us hasten to the academy of painting.—

Mr. *Cocq*, the Superintendant, who is himself a painter, received us very courteously, and shewed us what little matter was to be seen; which was much less than I expected — for it consisted merely of the painting-rooms, and of the manner of *making* pictures, and carrying on the manufactory.

The pieces then in hand were four large views of sea-ports in *France*, copying from prints after the celebrated *Vernet*, and enlarged to the dimensions of about five feet by seven and a half. I found they were bespoke-work for some nobleman's saloon; that the price was to be three-score guineas a-piece, which was very moderate, considering the size and the great number of figures—they looked pleasing—and when finished, would answer as well as any other hangings

hangings.—But that an academy of painting should in effect be reduced to an oil'd-cloth manufactory, I must own gave me some concern!

Mr. *Cocq*, who is a portrait-painter, shewed us several of his heads, which he executes very neatly at one guinea a-piece—the sizes about twelve inches by ten.

I am persuaded that if some of our young artists would undertake in that size, at double, or treble the price demanded by Mr. *Cocq*, they would succeed—and for these plain reasons—because they would come cheap, and not take up much room—people might then preserve the likenesses of their family and friends, without any incumbrance; whereas the great staring half and whole length portraits as big as life, require too much space, and I am under the necessity of removing those of  
my

my progenitors to brokers shops, in order to make room for my own, and my wife's, and our precious pledges.

All are not *Van Dycks*, nor *Reynolds's*—and the portrait-painter must be excellent who long survives his employers—his fame may be accidental; and for a while he may live in a favourite head, or a singular character—without some such fortuitous circumstance, his name will be shortly obliterated, and his best works be hurried down the rapid stream of time in common with other lumber.

But the hour of departure is come—Sir, we are much obliged to you for this favour.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

*Of the Passage by Water from Bruges to Ghent.*

I Shall make it a rule in the course of these observations (and I hope I may be indulged) not to repeat the same circumstances again and again—it cannot answer any purpose save that of unnecessarily swelling the work at an immense fatigue and drudgery to myself.—If some readers are so fond of books, as that they cannot even take a comfortable nap without one in their hands ; I here declare that it is my intention to disappoint such lovers as much as possible—nor will I court the concurrence of any, but those who are able to keep their eyes open, and have all their senses about them, in their full vigour.—Not that I mean entirely to  
exclude

exclude winking and nodding — far from it—I own myself too much interested in both the one and the other—but then let them be the winks of reflection, and the nods of approbation.

Having already spoken pretty fully of the conveniency, decency, and even elegancy of the water-conveyances upon the canals in *Flanders*, I have only to add upon that head, that the *Bruges*-barge to *Ghent* is considerably larger than the one of yesterday, and that the company was far more numerous—but as the entertainment you meet with, is somewhat singular, it may not be amiss to describe it—always with a regard to such of my readers only as were not acquainted with it before.

Instead of laying the passengers under the disagreeable necessity of sending in provisions for the day's journey, the  
master

CORIAT JUNIOR. 143

master of the vessel, or skipper, takes that concern entirely upon himself; and about one o'clock the company are summoned to partake of a very genteel dinner, consisting always of two courses and a plentiful desert, with variety of wines—the whole, I may venture to say, considering the size of the place, is as neatly conducted as at any tavern in *London*.

The ordinary is divided into three classes, each distinguished according to the quality and circumstances of the passengers—the first table being for such as pay the first price; the second for those who pay half price, and the third for gratis-passengers and servants.—But that which appeared the most extraordinary to me was, that the several tables should be supplied from a slip of a kitchen about eight feet long, and scarcely four feet wide, and that fourscore or an hundred people should  
be



be served with a variety of hot dishes without the least seeming hurry, or confusion—in short, so quietly that though you may guess at what is going forward, you hardly know any thing of the matter till they are set before you.

The whole expence of the passage, including the agreeable repast before-mentioned, does not exceed six schillings a head, about three shillings and six-pence sterling.

They make it a day's journey, from nine in the morning till about six in the evening, and count the distance but eight leagues; though in my opinion, considering that we meet with but few stops, and are in constant motion, as well when at dinner, as at any other time, and that the horses are jogging on at an easy trot for almost nine hours,  
it

it cannot be computed at less than three or four-and-thirty english miles.

For my part, had it been as many leagues, I should not have been tired of the agreeable company I found there; particularly of the unaffected politeness, and edifying conversation of my countryman father M.—\* prior of the English Carthusians at *Nieuport*, a gentleman who appears to be blest with many of those rare talents which endear their possessors to society; insomuch that lapsed humanity may well regret that the plain paths of virtue are so often thought to be diametrically opposite to the purposes of grace.—His relations and more intimate friends must certainly have lamented the early surfeit which he took of life; and measuring life's prosperity by the false scale of human prudence, foresaw more glory to their

\* Formerly a commander in the *Spanish* cavalry.

146      CORIAT JUNIOR.

hopes and their inheritance in heading an army, than in presiding over an handful of mute solitaries----we may therefore conclude that several of them regarded him as one born to disappoint their most sanguine expectation from the moment he exchanged the camp for the cloyster.

Doubtless his calling was sure—nor could it be mistaken for a strong conceit of the will—or the after-weakness which often succeeds disgust and the rage of disappointment—for some of us, I fear, are too apt to place indiscriminately religious election to the score of the divine call.—His, I am persuaded, was quite otherwise—if he says so.

Well, be that as it may—I here give it you under my hand, that as often as I find men called to a Christian temper —*to love mercy, and walk humbly*, that I shall not dispute the fitness of their call:

call:—And if they chuse to walk in some particular habits (wherever such distinctions are warranted) I shall be apt to say that, from custom, one habit is as eligible as another—if they prefer solitude to the world; it may be that they have some private views of their own---as to their abstinencies and other mortifications; I must own I cannot see any great pleasure in them---But, it seems, some of them won't talk; I therefore conclude they find more comfort in contemplation, than in speech ---how they cross their arms, some will say, and what odd gestures they use!---so much the better---I admire attitudes of all things---especially when they are graceful.

The small remnant of the once flourishing Carthusian abbey of *Shene* —(I think they are of the foundation of *Shene-abbey*, but I can't be positive), are now settled at *Nieuport*, where

they have resided ever since the general wreck of monasteries in England, in the memorable days of our eighth *Harry*.

This is the only English house of that order now remaining; and travelers of all nations who pass that way, but more especially the English, expatiate much upon the sanctity of their lives, and their unbounded hospitality, under the direction of their present worthy prior—their number is reduced to six—so that in case of any unforeseen mortality among them, that order must be shortly extinct respecting our countrymen—they will not easily find novices to enlist under their severe banner—the rigid impositions of perpetual silence (except to the prior for the time being) their fastings and watchings, their total abstinence from flesh, and the comfortable refreshment of linen, ill suit with the  
accepted

accepted rules of life.----Notwithstanding those discouragements, it is not many years since an English gentleman of fortune, and of a protestant family. went over to them; maugre his education in one of our celebrated universities.

What shall we say to these extremes? --- nothing --- but that man will be always found a contradiction to himself --- still groping, darkling, in the midst of an imaginary blaze--- still studying more and more to bewilder the maze of his existence--- the sage of folly---the fool of his own wisdom!

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

*Which as it relates chiefly to the Author,  
cannot be very interesting to the Reader.*

‘ **A** Book of travels quotha!—I believe nobody ever saw such a book of travels!—a book of wanderings rather—interfered with whimsical digressions and unseasonable reflections.’

That it seems is your opinion—but happy it is for us writers that mankind are a little divided upon the subject of authors; so that the worst of us and the most trifling, Heaven be praised! are not without our admirers—**TOM THUMB**, I dare affirm, has as many as **TOM JONES**.

How can you and I pretend to establish that, about which the legislative  
body

body the critics are at perpetual variance?—and are every session making new ordinances, and abrogating old—reviving the dead letter with fresh vigour, explaining, amending, &c.

Shall we presume to proportion the quantity of salt, and the measure of judgment necessary to preserve a whore-son living author from being fly-blown, for the space of five, or seven years?—We might as well fancy that we could recover the *Egyptian* art of conserving dead bodies for as many thousand.

The literary constitution indeed, as well as the body politic, stands in need of much explanation, much amendment.—In the mean time the laws of both are remarkably favourable to designing men, and undefigning authors; so that the learned advocate has nothing to do but to hunt cases and cite



precedents--there are loop-holes enough to be found for either.

But, for goodness sake ! what is your quarrel with *reflections*, and why are they *unseasonable* ?

‘ Because they interrupt the main design, and are most commonly foreign to the matter.—Don’t mistake me, I have no objection to them in their proper places—when people are at church, or so—But what have they to do here? —If a man has a mind to indulge serious reflections, let him write a book on purpose—’

Yes, as you say—and then he will be pretty sure that nobody will read them—I tell you mine are just in the right place—for here many may stumble upon them, who never dreamt of any such thing ; and I shall acquire applause for my address, over and above  
what

what I am entitled to from my main subject.

‘ I wish you may find it so—but the great misfortune which generally attends those who are so fond of hearing themselves prate, is, that few or none are disposed to listen to them—the vanity is too glaring—the deluge too powerful—all that a man has ever thought of during his whole life, to be poured down upon you at once!—’tis too much—for my part, I would not give a penny for a book stuffed with the writer’s private sentiments and reflections.’

And I would not give a halfpenny for a book without them—there’s the difference.—They are certain marks to me of becoming attention in an author; and the only proof I have that he was not thinking of something else.

From that single omission we may account for the vast vacuity which overspreads so many volumes of words without meaning — systems, without science—histories, without reading—sermons, neither rationally-speculative, nor speculatively-practical—poems and plays, without wit, or moral—voyages, without chart, or compas — travels, which might as well have been compiled from gazetteers, and lists of the post-roads—

‘ ’Tis really a pity to break in upon so fine a declamation!—and yet, as your monitor, I might hazard your displeasure, should I neglect to remind you, that you have a great way to go—that you have already bargained with the reader that the whole shall be comprized in two small duodecimos—that you are already past the middle of your first volume, at the end of your sixth day, and happily arrived at *Ghent*. ’

I thank you for this seasonable admonition.—True, I have bargained, as you say, only for two volumes—which was intirely owing to an accident; that of writing my preface first—a singularity as unheard of, perhaps, as any that is to be met with in my book.

Dedications and prefaces, I take it are the most puzzling parts of modern letters—the first, calculated to flatter and bedaub the patron, whom it may be the author knows nothing of; the second, to cajole and curry favour with the reader, whom he can never be sure of—I was pre-determined to suffer no disquietude upon either score—no false hopes touching his lordship's acceptance; nor any rancour, should his bounty, fall short of my expectation; and therefore omitted the former altogether.—It may serve, thought I, for a monument of private friendship, should it meet with the public favour,

156      CORIAT JUNIOR.

as well seven years hence, as now ; and  
then I shall be pretty sure of my man.

Yes—some seven years hence, after  
having tried whether the materials are  
durable, and like to brave the weather ;  
we may venture to inscribe,

LET THIS REMAIN  
A LASTING MONUMENT  
TO PERPETUATE  
THE DISINTERESTED FRIENDSHIP  
OF THE INGENIOUS  
THE CANDID  
THE BENEVOLENT  
H. F.  
AND OF THE AUTHOR  
S. P.

As for the latter, since it is well  
known that he who comes under the  
censure of the literary tribunal, must  
abide the pains and penalties that may  
follow, in spite of every plea of allevi-  
ation, the shorter my defence, the better.

But

But I had another reason for not requiring more space, which was founded in downright compassion to the readers—considering, and re-considering what a deal of stuff they have constantly upon their hands, which from one sollicitation or other, they are obliged to wade through—'tis the boon of every beggarly writer,—‘ Pray read me!—do but read me! then judge for yourself—laugh at me 'till your sides ake, and welcome!—blame me, abuse me! damn me! —only read me! ’

I am sensible that tenderness for others may sometimes be carried too far; even to our own prejudice; and I could wish now, that I had said three small volumes, instead of two—though I don't despair yet of bringing it within my plan.

‘ Your

‘ Your plan!—’tis impossible that you can be serious—do you call this a plan? ’

I do—and such a one as I will be bound to give you more, than my bookfeller will offer me for the copy, if you can produce me such another.

But I see your mistake—you don’t attend to the context—you are not at the pains of comparing the author with himself—you forget, as fast as you read (a common case)—one chapter drives out another—I suppose you don’t remember that I set out with *begging leave to proceed in my own way?*—that’s my plan.

‘ O, your most humble servant! ’

C H A P.

## C H A P. XVIII.

*Which may be reckoned much too long :  
considering what an unsatisfactory Ac-  
count it gives of the Capital of Flan-  
ders.*

**W**ELL, really this appears to be a magnificent city ; and the *Saint Sebastian* upon the parade, or *place des armes*, is one of the genteel inns I ever saw—it has great elegance both within and without, and the situation is unexceptionably the finest in *Ghent*.

I have not yet learnt how *Saint Sebastian* came to be the patron of archers—I know of no reason for such preference, unless from the manner of his death, having been fastened to a tree, and shot with arrows.

There



There are several fraternities of archers in *Flanders*, but the grand lodge, which boasts the chief nobility of the country for its members, is held at this inn.

The martyrdom of *Saint Sebastian* has been always a favourite subject of the pencil—many have chosen it, and what is still more extraordinary, many have succeeded—it is to me one of the most affecting single figures in historical painting — as the whole depends upon the graceful idea, none but a master can ever reach it.

There are so many fine things and matters of curiosity to be met with here, that I despair of seeing the twentieth part of them—I find myself cramped by too much fashion and ceremony—a plague on all foolish fashions! say I—I'm told by the ladies, and the chevalier is entirely on their side, that if I  
walk

walk out, 'twill be unmannerly to leave them at home; and for ladies to walk, it seems, is not the fashion.— Then if we are to be shut up in a *Remise*, I should be glad to know what we can see in being hurried through the streets, except the particular places we are driven to?—if this is travelling, I had just as soon stay at home—I shall have no opportunity of making my remarks as I go along——

And yet, if I mistake not, after this manner most of my countrymen travel—they set out with prejudices against the natives they are going to visit—they know their characters before-hand—a Frenchman, is a puppy; an Italian, a cheat; a German, a pedant; and a Dutchman, a brute—for this reason they chuse to keep their own company; to be waited upon by their own servants; to journey in their own  
car-

carriages, and to return home almost as wife as they set out.

Do they so?—Why then in God's name let them associate among themselves!--but suffer me, without breach of good manners, to mix with the inhabitants—to eat with them, to drink with them, to travel with them—to converse with them as freely as I may be permitted without offence, and even to go to church with them, let their religion be what it will.—'Tis men and manners that I am chiefly in search of—I was sensible before I came here, that there were houses and trees and rivers in most countries.

I would fain explore that gloomy vault, or natural cavern!--but it may be too melancholy for the ladies---besides the descent is disagreeable, and even dangerous.---I should choose to climb yonder summit!--but, madam; let

let me intreat the favour of you to stay below—the ascent will fatigue you.— In short, madam, if you chuse to be the dupe of fashion and ceremony, you must not blame me—if you will baulk your inclination (for I see you are not without some) suffer me to indulge mine---if you chuse to stay at home, I can have no objection; only permit me to go abroad.

‘ It is a request, sir, that cannot be granted---’twould be preposterous in you to attempt it---the gentlemen in this country never quit the charge of the ladies, to ramble by themselves---curiosity must always give way to propriety.’

Must it so? madam---then I submit for this time---but if ever you catch me abroad again in company, where I am not at liberty to do as I like, I’ll give you leave to bind me over, or tye me  
me

me down in whatever manner you please---I would be the associate, the visitant, the guest, but not the slave of my company.---If you have any banquet in view, to which generous **FREE-  
DOM** and open-hearted **HOSPITALITY** are not to be invited, you may save yourself the trouble of sending me a card---I chuse to dine upon my own cold mutton at home.

Mistake me not, I would not prefer any thing to the seasonable converse of the ladies—they alone are the sweeteners of life, and by contemplating their perfections only, we arrive at the sublime and beautiful.—But while there are other pursuits, other gratifications independent of them, and in which they cannot so easily participate; at least suffer us to untie this knot of ceremony—or do it yourselves, and accompany us as far as you may conveniently.

If

CORIAT JUNIOR. 165

If this cannot be granted—I should be glad to know, madam, what we are like to see in this fine city?—for as you have been here often, you must be best acquainted with what is most worth a stranger's notice.

‘ It is too late this evening, sir, to see any thing—but in the morning, we shall have the entertainment of the parade almost under our windows :— the mounting and relieving the guard is a fine sight, and what people are very fond of here.—You will observe a parcel of as fine, clean, well-dressed fellows as ever you saw in your life, and from the strict and constant discipline that is maintained, that they know and practise their duty to a hair—you will see a company of officers, worthy to command such men ; intent upon their charge equally with the private foldiers—you will not remark in any of their countenances the least signs of the  
over-

over-night's debauch——any anxiety  
 — to have the business slubbered over as  
 fast as possible, on account of more  
 pressing engagements, nor any absence  
 of mind from their duty.—The music  
 is a perfect martial concert, with all  
 — the accompaniments of grace and exe-  
 cution—they are not irregularly fast  
 and slow; dropping it here, and taking  
 it up again there; but jointly labouring  
 to preserve united harmony.—From the  
 commander in chief, to the youngest  
 recruit; and from the hautboy to the  
 fife, you will not meet with an indivi-  
 dual but what is struck with a sense  
 of his character, and seemingly came  
 there with no other intention but to  
 exert his talent.—You have seen some-  
 thing like this, I make no doubt,  
 upon the parade in *St. James's Park*.

‘ This royal entertainment over  
 (for kings cannot behold a more glo-  
 rious sight, than armies of regular  
 troops

CORIAT JUNIOR. 167.

troops, which they are born to command and to cherish) we shall drive to the *abbey of St. Peter*, one of the richest in the *Netherlands*—the abbot is a mitred prince, and by few exceeded in priestly pomp and dignity—his palace is to himself, distinct from the cloyster; and his domestics are his own, not the servants of the society.—The church is a magnificent modern structure, exceeding rich in its altars, is decorated with fine pictures and admirable sculptures, and boasts some of the most exquisite tapestry in the country, which is preserved in cases, and only opened to strangers.—The refectory is a noble saloon; and the library cannot but strike the most tasteless beholder, even tho' he had never troubled his head with the inside of a book.

‘ We shall then return to our inn to dinner; and in the afternoon we must



reign prince!—and I question much if any potentate in Europe dines every day in so sumptuous a saloon, as do the Benedictine monks of the abbey of *Saint Peter*.—The arts have been in rivalry to perfect this elegant hall—it has all the proportions of architecture, the beauty of painting, and the grandeur of carving and gilding to set it off.

That upper place, said I, to our attendant, I suppose is for the abbot?—  
 ‘No, answered he, that is the prior’s chair.’—But I imagine, continued I, that the abbot don’t dine here every day, but only occasionally; and when he does, I should think that there was a canopy set up on purpose:—  
 ‘He dine here every day! returned the lay-brother—he never dines here at all—why he has not set his foot in the refectory above once these three years.’

Good

Good God! thought I, can there be such difference in the same chain of beings?—in the same order of men?—can an abbot forget that he was once a private monk?—Yes, he may—as easily as a bishop may forget that he was once a curate.

The sacristy adjoining, which many of my readers know is the apartment where the priests, and sometimes the abbot robe and unrobe themselves before and after the sacrifices, is very noble and spacious; and the vestments and other paraphernalia are exceeding rich—if nothing else would give us exalted ideas of Heaven, this one consideration surely were enough—namely, the majesty of some of God's priests upon earth!

The library is as fine a room for the purpose as can be met with, and I am sorry that I did not take the proportions of it—the book-cases are of a singular

172      CORIAT JUNIOR.

escutcheon form, which have an air of grandeur, and the authors are very numerous, and for the most part in elegant bindings—but there is a little narrowness in the choice, and they are rather too much of one side.—There are several books of the early printers ; and, among others, the first and second editions of the bible.

Some of the abbeys in the *Netherlands* are become so rich, that one would be apt to think they dreaded mischief from their opulence—so that they are generally employed in pulling down and building up ; in enlarging, beautifying &c. as the only means of getting rid of some of their superfluous riches—As several of them literally wallow in wealth, methinks 'tis a pity that, as often as they find it inconvenient to them, they cannot obtain dispensations to bestow it upon some of the poor priories in their respective neighbourhoods, who, Hea-  
ven

ven knows! would rejoice exceedingly in their superfluities.

Come we next to the English Benedictine ladies—

As I have already thrown out a few reflections upon the horrible impiety of dispeopling Heaven, by entombing fair damsels alive; under the notion of increasing the kingdom of Saints, I shall say the less of it here—And as most cities in the *Austrian Netherlands* are constitutionally the same, and afford the same objects of contemplation; I hope the candid reader will not lay me under the tiresome necessity of saying the same thing over and over again.—Now as a *Beguine* is the same at *Brussels* as at *Ghent*, and as I purpose to speak of them there, I shall therefore omit them here—as a *Capuchin* is the same all the world over, so it matters not whether I chuse mine at *Louvain*, or *Mechlin*, or

both—2<sup>nd</sup> since I mean to give a picture of a *Recollecti*, I may as well wait till I have met with one to my mind, which happened not before the very day I left *Antwerp*.—Of these and many more religious orders and societies, there are in every part of *Flanders* and *Brabant*, each of whose cities may serve as an epitome of popish *Christendom*.

My intention is to diversify this short travel as much as possible—to make it narrative, descriptive and sometimes allegorical—always with a little meaning and seldom without a moral.—If I cannot produce new thoughts for your entertainment, I shall endeavour at least at a few new casts of old ones; and the very moment I discover that I have nothing to say, I shall lay down my pen—I have no opinion of forcing, under the notion of assisting nature, and, from my soul! I abominate *Dr. Slep's* forceps.

The

CORIAT JUNIOR. 175

The curtain is drawn back, and behold the prioress and her nuns!—She appears like the goddess, or the priestess of this temple; and they as her attendant nymphs, or vestals!

To you, madam, it can be no ways irksome—by a long course of self-denial you must be thoroughly weaned from the world; and here I make no doubt but that you enjoy perfect peace, heightened by the fullest assurance, the liveliest hope of a blissful hereafter.

At your time of life, madam, I have no objection to the ladies secluding themselves, if they think proper—after having tasted life's fancied sweets and real sorrows, and experienced some of her numberless cares and calamities, they may well be thankful that they are over, and whatever may have been their lot, that they can find peace at the last—and surely more real consolation may

176 CORIAT JUNIOR.

be found here, than in chess-boards and back-gammon tables; in dice and cards; in washes and strong-waters; after the loss of husbands, who were their partners, or their plagues; of children, who might have been their comforts, or their curses—after the unkindness of some relations, and the ingratitude of others, whom can we love?—from the forgetfulness of some friends, and the bitterness even of those whom we had laboured most to serve, whom shall we trust?

—GRIEF and DISAPPOINTMENT are sore searchers, and will often bring us to reflection—‘Tis time,’ some of those ladies will say, ‘to look a little about us—the HOURS, ever young, tho’ we wax old, foot it away with greater dispatch than ever—--at least they appear to do so to us, now that our dancing-days are over—the sands run on in a greater stream, and, if possible, with a more determined motion—or else our eyes deceive us—but there can be no  
deception

CORLAT JUNIOR. 177

deception in the surfeiting sameness which we have endured—we are palled with cloying sweets, and fated with high seasonings—our appetites are spoilt, and we have no longer any relish for life---let us fly then incontinently this motley train of human mischief---let us retire into God and ourselves---let us make up our accounts with Heaven---let us *seek peace and ensue it.*'

With all my heart, ladies, if it is your pleasure---I see no reason why you may not retire, and carry some of your unprovided neices along with you; for certainly, as you well observe, prayer-books are full as becoming the palsied hands of dowagers, as packs of cards and dice-boxes — if their ladyships think so.

But for you, lady prioress, you can only have anticipated the evils without doors, not having experienced any of



178      **CORIAT JUNIOR.**

them——you must have credulously hearkened, fondly believed, and rashly resolved——*you must have wept 'ere you were stricken.*—And for these sexual angels!—what had they done, or suffered?—but I have already spoken of them in a former chapter.

Don't imagine, reader, that a single syllable of this was said to the prioress—No, I am persuaded that you are aware of the impropriety of such conversation in a cloyster—to endeavour to put people out of conceit with their condition without any intention, or the means of bettering them, is the height of cruelty—but where it is impracticable to alter it, 'tis cruelty and folly united—and indeed for the most part they are inseparable.

Our conversation was of a different cast—an agreeable mixture—we touched sometimes upon the world; but more up-  
ON

the sweets of virtuous retirement—The *Arachnean* arts of the fair sisterhood, and their beautiful imitations of *Flora's* choicest gifts, engaged our attention; and made us at a loss to determine whether they were the daughters of *INGENUITY*, or the sisters of the *SEASONS*.

Is it not strange that those who profess to have abandoned the vain world, should jointly labour to keep up the world's vanity?

Among such a number of my fair countrywomen, the meeting with names which were familiar to us was unavoidable; and this sometimes led us a little into inquiries concerning families.—Finding that the prioress's name was *PHILIPS*; pray, madam, said I, is Doctor *Philips* any relation of yours?—My brother, sir, replied she.—You have no doubt, madam, seen his life of Car-

*Pole?* which has occasioned a good deal of speculation with us, though many are of opinion that it will not much advantage the cause for which it is written.—I have, sir, said the lady.

What pity it is that learning and candour should ever be divided!—What matters it whether truths come from the *East* or from the *West*?—Indeed the name of *Oxford* at the bottom of a title-page, has with the vulgar the air of an *Imprimatur*; but how absurd to suppose that that reverend and learned body can give sanction to principles which they utterly disavow—so that except to a few inconsiderate strangers it cannot answer any good purpose even to its own ends, but unhappily must always remain an indelible mark of the Doctor's disingenuity.

I am quite of your mind, courteous reader, and I wish from my soul that there may be always found a great number of your sentimental disposition, willing to communicate, but cautious to offend—who consider the characters to whom and of whom they are speaking—who would not awaken a son's remembrance with the bitter reproaches that may be due to his fire—nor wound a pious sister's ear, with the mistaken zeal of her brother—zeal, no question, sometimes overshoots itself, and then it is justly condemnable—but relations may not be judges.—If then we are at a loss for a subject, let us decently retire, after returning the ladies thanks for their polite entertainment.

The second day was a hurrying day, indeed—Heaven defend me from such senseless hurry!—If you please, madam, I'll dine at *St. Bave's* to-day, and  
then

- then I shall have a little leisure to look over the pictures.—‘No indeed, fir; you must return with us to the *St. Sebastian*—our dinner is bespoke.’—  
 I’m sorry for it, madam—‘Besides, the chevalier is engaged with the officers, and if your friend and you were to leave us, we should be quite alone, which would be insupportable.’

Very well, madam—This *place Vendredi*, or Friday’s market is a fine opening, a spacious square upon my word—What can I say more of it? for the fellow drives as if the devil was in him.

In the afternoon, from an earnest desire of meeting once more with the agreeable prior *M*—, we went to the Carthusian convent—here it was proper to leave the ladies without the gate; but my companion and I, having received for answer that the prior was set off

## CORIAT JUNIOR. 183

off for *Brussels*, were not in such haste to make our report, but to the shame of good-manners, joined the holy brotherhood in their vespers, leaving their ladyships to cool themselves in their carriage—this was an offence hardly to be forgiven—and as the first proof of their displeasure, being quite tired out with attending, they had drove back to the inn, meaning to punish us with a walk—which happened to be the very thing that we wanted most.

The old castle, or court is a reverend pile, consisting of many apartments which are converted to private lodgings and public offices, and a number of strange stories are told of their former uses, which naturally tickle the ears of curiosity.

The stadthouse is the largest building of the kind that I have heard of, that at Amsterdam only excepted—there is  
an

an appearance of magnificence in it which even surpasses the latter, though the stile is Gothic considering the time of building it, which if I remember rightly was by the arch-duke Albert. The apartments are very spacious, but there is a want of neatness, which is seldom the case in Flanders—there are some good pictures here as well as in the castle; but the best description I could give of them would fall short of their merit.—The courts of justice are very awful, their proceedings as I am informed very solemn, and their judgments very upright.

A plague take these fellows! they are always for showing and demonstrating to you such things as you don't want to see.

These, ladies and gentlemen, said our guide, are so many engines of torture; devised by grave and learned sages

sages as the best and only means to extort confessions from the guilty, or innocently accused—they were the inventions, sir, continued he (addressing himself to me) of men in some respects like you and I; who were capable themselves of feeling the inconveniencies arising from natural heat and cold—who shivered at the north blast, and fainted under the dog-star's rage—*who could not endure the tooth-ach patiently*—and yet, with meer carnal eyes and ears, could watch the excruciating writhes, and listen attentively to the horrible groans of others!—There is a prodigious variety of them as you see, applicable to different parts and purposes.

Turn thine eyes from them, HUMANITY!—nor desire to know their cruel applications and effects!



C H A P. XIX.

*That some Folks are hasty to condemn, in proportion as they are slow to consider; and that the want of Conformity may be reckoned among their great wants.*

**W**Hat trifles put us out of temper, and make us with ourselves at home again when we are in a manner but just entered upon a journey!

The traveller of every nation constantly finds matter of exclamation in a foreign country, and which with justice he may oppose against some particular blessing, or culture, or import, or custom in his own.

‘What plenty of excellent provisions this province abounds with!—but, curse their cooks!’ says the *Englisfman*.

I am astonished how well their markets are supplied with fish, when I consider the numbers that are daily fed from the waters—that it is even incorporated

CORIAT JUNIOR. 187

porated with their religion ; and that fish of all sorts are notwithstanding cheap in comparison with what they are in *London*, where for the most part they are considered only as luxury !—but, ‘ d—mn their *soup-maigre* !’ says the *Englishman* again.

N. B. *He is not obliged to eat any, unless he chuses it*

‘ How have these scoundrels,’ meaning the publicans—(says my countryman once more) ‘ the impudence to write over their doors, *good Bruges-bier*, —*Ghent-bier*—*Lovens-bier*—and other beers—when, d—mn their bl—ds ! it is well known there is not a drop of beer in all the country ?’

The warmth of this gentleman’s temper has transported him a little too far—since it is better known that the chief cities in *Flanders* and *Brabant* are famous for their beers—that the common people drink nothing else—and that the *Peterman’s-bier* of *Louvain* is as celebrated

brated over all that country as alderman *Calvert's* and *Sir Benjamin Truman's* are over all the world.—But it seems the gentleman did not like it, and therefore was at liberty to leave it, and even to rail at it—but not to annihilate it.

The *Frenchman* in England acknowledges with abundance of significant nods and shrugs, that our country is not entirely destitute—and with the utmost ingenuity pronounces that, '*Vraiment il y a des bonnes choses en Angleterre — mais le Vin de France! — par d — !*'—he says no more—but leaves it to the imagination to work out; that the want of French wine, is such a want—as amounts to all the necessaries of life put together.

An *Englishman's* delicacy is shocked the moment he arrives at a *Flemish* inn, at being shewn into a room with one, two, three, perhaps, four beds in it—he rings the bell hastily—summons the  
master

CORIAT JUNIOR. 189

master to answer for the impertinence of his servant—and desires to be shewn into a parlour, or, at least, into a room without a bed—*Myn Heer* assures *Milord* that there is not such a room in his house—unless he chuses to walk into the kitchen!—where is he to sleep?—‘where he is!’—where is he to sup?—‘in the same place—unless he chuses to sup at the ordinary.’—Are there any beds in that room too?—most probably there are.—He d—mns their nasty souls in plain English, and wishes them all at the devil, and himself safe at home again!

This cannot fail to discompose the settled gravity of the *Flemish* host—but he knows his place too well to return abuse for abuse—he contents himself with contemplating the majesty of the figure before him (who, for his saucy airs, would fain pass for somebody) and thanks Heaven that he was not born an *Englishman*, if all are of the same

190 CORIAT JUNIOR.

same turbulent disposition, and alike strangers to conformity with his guest.

—‘ Wou’d it were morning ! cries the peaceable host, and that the post-chaise was at the door, that I might with a profound reverence wish *Milord* a *bon voyage*, in return for his wishing me and all my countrymen at the devil !’

Upon a transient view of the height of the bedstead, *Milord* suspects some trap—for a short man must clamber up, and a lame man be lifted in—’tis impossible to rest in safety—a person may roll out in his sleep, and ten to one but he breaks his neck in the fall !—he has not as yet discovered that the wisdom of the state has provided against such accidents by ordaining side-boards, as well as head and foot-boards to their bedsteads.

But what are all these wants and inconveniencies compared with the mortification which I suffered among the barbarians ?—trifles ! meer trifles !

For

For their food—I must own I relished it well enough—if the cookery was different to that to which I had been accustomed; it went down very well for all that—and the variety was such, that if one dish did not suit, why another did.—If the beer is unpalatable to strangers—good water dashed with wine, is, in my opinion, the better beverage—and if the latter is adulterated (as no doubt it is) I should be glad to know where it is not?—If any thing disgusting appeared in eating in a bed-room, I was sure that the only way to remove it from my sense, was to banish it from my head, and not to think any more about it—and so far was I from being intimidated at the height of their beds, that I declare to you upon my word, I never slept better in my life; nor did I meet with a single fall.—But the want of wants to me!—

‘ For goodness sake! what could that be?—

A

A pinch of snuff.—The small stock which I had taken with me from *London* was soon exhausted, and the *Flemish* tobacco is the poorest mundungus in the world!—It has neither taste, nor smell, nor spirit, nor pungency in any degree of comparison with our *Virginian* weed—and though I had recruited myself at one of the best snuff-shops in *Bruges* (which from the number of blue and white porcelain pots and jars, looked as tempting as a court apothecary's) namely, the corner shop near the weighing-engine; yet I dare be bound that I might have been better served at any grocer's in *England*.

To every other thing in *Flanders* I was so heartily reconciled, that if the magistracy would have engaged to furnish me with snuff, made from genuine *Virginia* tobacco—o' my conscience! I believe I could have lived there till this time.

END OF PART I.

CONTENTS.

---

THE  
 CONTENTS  
 OF THE  
 FIRST PART.

	Page
CHAP. 1. <i>Journey from London to Dover</i> — — —	9
CHAP. 2. <i>Wherein the Author indulges his fancy upon a Subject, which some of his Readers may possibly take home to themselves</i> — — —	17
CHAP. 3. <i>Voyage from Dover to Of- tende</i> — — —	24
CHAP. 4. <i>In which the Traveller begs leave to proceed in his own way</i>	30
CHAP. 5. <i>Those that go to Rome, &amp;c. see Ray's Proverbs</i> — — —	37
CHAP.	



## CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAP. 6. <i>A conference between the Traveller and himself upon the Subject of Authorship.</i>	48
CHAP. 7. <i>A short Interruption</i>	55
CHAP. 8. <i>An early ramble round Ostende, with a few fasting reflections at the door and in the nave of the great Church</i>	57
CHAP. 9. <i>Which sets off with a few Reflections upon Polite Oeconomy</i>	65
CHAP. 10. <i>The Traveller falls a digging among the rubbish of Ghistel, but is prevented from making any great Progress</i>	72
CHAP. 11. <i>A few affecting Twitches, which it is hoped arise naturally out of the Subject</i>	90
CHAP. 12. <i>Of the Passage by Water from Ostende to Bruges</i>	96
CHAP. 13. <i>Somewhat about TOM COBIAT : and the Advantage of talking Latin</i>	112
CHAP. 14. <i>Of our arrival at Bruges</i>	119

CHAP.

## CONTENTS.

	Page
<p>CHAP. 15. <i>A hasty ramble over part of Bruges; with a word or two upon long Cloaks and Riding-Hoods, and the Academy of Painting</i> —</p>	134
<p>CHAP. 16. <i>Of the Passage by Water from Bruges to Ghent</i> —</p>	141
<p>CHAP. 17. <i>Which as it relates chiefly to the Author, cannot be very interesting to the Reader</i> —</p>	150
<p>CHAP. 18. <i>Which may be reckoned much too long; considering what an unsatisfactory Account it gives of the Capital of Flanders</i> —</p>	159
<p>CHAP. 19. <i>That some Folks are hasty to condemn, in proportion as they are slow to consider; and that the Want of Conformity may be reckoned among their great Wants</i> —</p>	186

THE

THE  
 CONTENTS  
 OF THE  
 SECOND PART.

	Page
<p><b>C</b>HAP. 20. <i>Wherein the Traveller, with a Gentleman-like Scrupulosity, adjusts some capital Errata in Chapters 16 and 18. — After which he sets forward with the rest of his company for Bruffels</i></p>	193
<p>CHAP. 21. <i>A Halt at Aloft</i></p>	206
<p>CHAP. 22. <i>The Travellers pursue the strait Road to Bruffels</i></p>	212
<p>CHAP. 23. <i>Containing Questions and Answers</i></p>	220
<p>CHAP. 24. <i>An invective against itinerant Knaves and Fools</i></p>	229
<p>CHAP. 25. <i>Of Prince CHARLES'S Cabinet and of the Bruffels Gazetteer</i></p>	250

CHAP.

## CONTENTS

	Page
CHAP. 26. <i>In which the Traveller affects the Politician</i> ———	274
CHAP. 27. <i>A Caution to young Collectors</i> ——— ———	280
CHAP. 28. <i>A few general Remarks upon Bruffels, with some particular ones on the Beguinage</i> ———	289
CHAP. 29. <i>The Traveller chides his own Inattention; but endeavours to bring himself off as handsomely as he can</i>	297
CHAP. 30. <i>Wherein honourable mention is made of mine Host at the Magi at Aloft</i> ——— ———	307
CHAP. 31. <i>Which is shortened on purpose, that the next may not appear too long</i> ——— ———	317
CHAP. 32. <i>The Traveller visits the Abbey of Affigem</i> ———	322
CHAP. 33. <i>Journey from Bruffels to Louvain</i> ——— ———	333
CHAP. 34. <i>In proof that the Traveller made some short stay at Louvain</i> ——— ———	339
CHAP.	

## CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAP. 35. <i>A few more particulars concerning Louvain and its Environs</i>	350
CHAP. 36. <i>An Apology for wooden shoes</i>	360
CHAP. 37. <i>Of assumed Characters and Sham-Titles</i>	367
CHAP. 38. <i>The Traveller breakfasts with the Capucins of Mechlin</i>	373
CHAP. 39. <i>A very singular Character</i>	378
CHAP. 40. <i>Containing some Mortifications which the Traveller underwent, in his Journey to, and upon his Arrival at Antwerp— with unexpected Reflections</i>	384
CHAP. 41. <i>An Instance of the wonderful Efficacy of Ceremonies; with other Matters no less worthy</i>	390
CHAP. 42. <i>Which to some mawkish Readers will appear full of Insipidity</i>	397

CHAP.

## CONTENTS.

	Page
<p>CHAP. 43. <i>Of that particular Character which is commonly distinguished by the Title of Travelling-Governor</i></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"/>	401
<p>CHAP. 44. <i>A few remarks upon Antwerp; with some of the author's reasons for not attempting a finished book of travels</i></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"/>	405
<p>CHAP. 45. <i>The Traveller visits Rubens's House—thence follow some Reflections upon Artists, Cabinets and Connoisseurship</i></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"/>	412
<p>CHAP. 46. <i>Somewhat about Courtesy</i></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"/>	425
<p>CHAP. 47. <i>Which draws towards the Conclusion of the Second Part</i></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"/>	434
<p>CHAP. 48. <i>Being the last but one of this Volume</i></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"/>	444
<p>CHAP. 49. <i>Directions for Travelling</i></p> <hr style="width: 20%; margin-left: auto; margin-right: auto;"/>	449



